Can YOU Get In The MOVIES ?

Movie Weekly

TEN CENTS

SEPT. 1, 1923

Why I am no longer an Extra Girl

How Ten Girls Became Actresses Overnight

Lena BASQUETTE

Vol. III

MOVIE WEEKLY

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No. 30

Millions vs. the Movies

Coming

And the Movies Won Out

She was tired of spending money. She was jaded with society shams.

Beautiful, talented, ambitious, they told her she'd have to use influence to become a movie star.

But Mary Louise Hartje went to Hollywood, got a job as a harem girl extra in a mob scene, was selected as a principal in another picture and is now on the road to stardom.

This dramatic story of a society extra girl who overcame the burden of millions and broke through the select ranks of Pittsburgh society into the inner circle of Hollywood's filmdom, is told in detail in next week's issue of Movie Weekly.

If you enjoy human interest stories, buy Movie Weekly next week.

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Contents

September 1st, 1923

	PAGE
What America Has Done for Pola Negri - *By Grace Kingsley*	3
How Ten Girls Became Movie Actresses - *By T. Howard Kelly*	4
Foot-Notes to the Movies (Pictorial)	6
Norma Talmadge Says: "Watch Your Manners!" - *By Ruth Mabrey*	7
Why She's No Longer an Extra Girl - *By Lawrence Langdon*	8
Are You the One in 5,000? - *By Alma M. Talley*	9
Who Said "Acting Is an Easy Life?" - *By Claire Weber*	10
"Acting Isn't So Difficult," Says Dorothy Gish - *By Regina Cannon*	11
Can an Actor Stay Good? - *By Julia Conklin*	12
Doug Fairbanks in "The Thief of Bagdad" - *By Charles E. Dexter*	13
The Latest Photoplays - *By Lewis F. Levenson*	14
J. Warren Kerrigan and Bessie Love (Art Series)	16
"If I Could Only Grow Up!" Cries Shirley Mason - *By Marian Moore*	18
Virginia Valli Talks About Marriage - *By Grace Greenwood*	19
"Six Days" (Elinor Glyn's Novel in Pictures)	20
What Does a Screen Kiss Mean?	21
Character Reading of Constance Talmadge - *By Vincent de Sola*	22
"Human Wreckage" (Part V)	23
Whispers From the Studios	24
"Perkins' Predicament" (Part VII) - *By Lee Brown*	25
Where Fan Meets Fan	26
Along Hollywood Boulevard	27
The Colonel Answers Questions	28

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What AMERICA has done for POLA NEGRI

The gorgeous *Pola* of today is a far cry from the actress who had to depend upon her own talent alone when she appeared in *German* pictures.

A year in the United States has recreated the famous Polish star, who tells what *she has learned from our directors* and studios to :: *Grace Kingsley*

IT'S a difference of opinion that makes horse races," said Abraham Lincoln, David Harem or some other famous person.

Also that makes picture stars!

Personality is a wonderful asset—a necessary asset for success in any walk of life. But personality begets enemies as well as friends.

Pola Negri has tremendous personality—and there's no luke-warmness about anybody who speaks of her. Sometimes the same person even will have battles with himself as to how he feels toward the star.

"I don't know whether I like or dislike Pola Negri," somebody said to me one day, "but whichever it is, it is very intense."

As for myself, the Negri never ceases to thrill me, either on the screen or personally.

The good old thrill was right on the job, the other day when I called on Miss Negri to discuss a few matters personal and otherwise.

I must say she has a gorgeous setting in that beautiful bungalow dressing room of hers on the Lasky lot. You step right out of the plain ugliness of those rambling old wooden office buildings, past the bare, blind gauntness of the big, windowless stage front, into a cozy boudoir, furnished with nice tapestries, a picture or two, some objets d'art, such as a golden Buddha, a bit tarnished, but still looking gloriously beautiful and impressive enough to grant your prayers, a chaise longue, a slim-limbed chair or two.

Miss Negri came swiftly forth from her dressing room, with that sense of drama which always bids an actress make a quick entrance, held out her hand with her radiant smile and with that concentration of warmth which is the last word in subtlety of welcome. Nobody to whom Miss Negri has given that smile, that electrical hand-shake, will ever hate her, I'm sure.

Just one question she won't discuss with you. That question is her engagement to Charlie Chaplin. Her eyes cloud one moment and flash the next if the question is broached.

From friends of the pair only can you learn the truth. That engagement, it seems, is no more. If there be any reigning favorite in Chaplin's life now, it must be Sigrid Holmquist, the young Swedish beauty, charming and warm like a kitten.

BUT I feel that in his heart, Miss Negri, with her brilliant mind and personality, must hold a place still that no other woman has ever had. She is rare and different. Certainly no other woman could quite take her place with any man.

Miss Negri wore a gorgeous, silver-cloth negligee, and she settled herself gracefully in a big chair. I shouldn't really say settled herself, but rather poised herself. She is always electric, volatile—you never quite know what she may do. Just one question she answered in regard to an artist's marriage:

"To my mind, I do not think an artist should wed, unless it be with one whose companionship gives inspiration. Before I left Europe I said that artists should never marry. I would qualify that now by saying that an artist should be very, very sure before marrying that the comrade of a lifetime will be able to help and not hinder or distract. When two artists marry, they should mutually inspire each other."

Cryptic, is it not?

It is known that Miss Negri and Chaplin have not seen each other for several weeks. Yet Miss Negri seems very happy. Doubtless her heart has gone through the fires; but probably, like the wise woman she is, she decided it best to give the conge to the lover with whom she had quarrels.

According to rumor, professional jealousy on Chaplin's part at times ruffled the serene course of love. Though this seems difficult to believe, inasmuch as the art of the two is so different. Besides, Charlie has never shown himself capable of any smallness of this kind, but on the other hand has generously "made" any number of stars.

I wanted to find out from Miss Negri just how she herself felt about "Bella Donna."

She drooped like a sensitive plant when the picture was mentioned.

"No, I didn't like 'Bella Donna' myself," she said. "My imagination of the role was so different! But I allowed myself to be persuaded. They said to me, 'Ah, but American audiences are so different. You will not succeed unless you adapt yourself to our ways.' But you see! The picture is making money I believe, however. But now, at any rate, with Mr. Brenon, I am myself once more! Oh, he is wonderful! I am free again! I am free to put all that I have and am into this picture!

TO MY mind, Herbert Brenon, who is producing my present picture, 'The Spanish Danccer,' has that mental quality which every great director must possess—sensitiveness to atmosphere, which only a deep knowledge of historical and traditional culture can give. This, combined with a knowledge of the amazing American technique, puts Herbert Brenon in the class of the great motion picture directors of the world. He has the greatest observational powers I have ever known. When he is arranging a scene, he visualizes everything, and is able to make his actors see things as he does. It is impossible for him to fail."

"What," I asked, "do you think of American methods of production, now that you have had a chance to see them at close range?"

"I think American methods the greatest possible. I am glad to see that producers are constantly developing more and more the artist's viewpoint, and getting farther away from the manufacturer's attitude toward their product. They are learning every day that the American people want pictures that probe deeply into the real things of life. The American people are very human, and their desire is for something better. They want each year to show definite progress."

Miss Negri impresses you as more eagerly determined than ever to make good. At first she seemed like a child, happy at everything within reach. Now there is a new earnestness, a new realization of how hard she must work to really make the brilliant success she is entitled to with American audiences.

"Is wealth an aid," I inquired, "to the real art of acting, or can you find inspiration without these things?"

"Luxury spoils the finer senses," declared Miss Negri without hesitation. "An artist should regard wealth with a certain amount of suspicion. Inspiration comes from within, to a large extent, and is independent of wealth. Success inspires, but wealth dulls ambition."

That answer would place Miss Negri at the head of the class.

"Do you find it a great aid to have a large studio, beautiful dresses, and a handsome dressing room?"

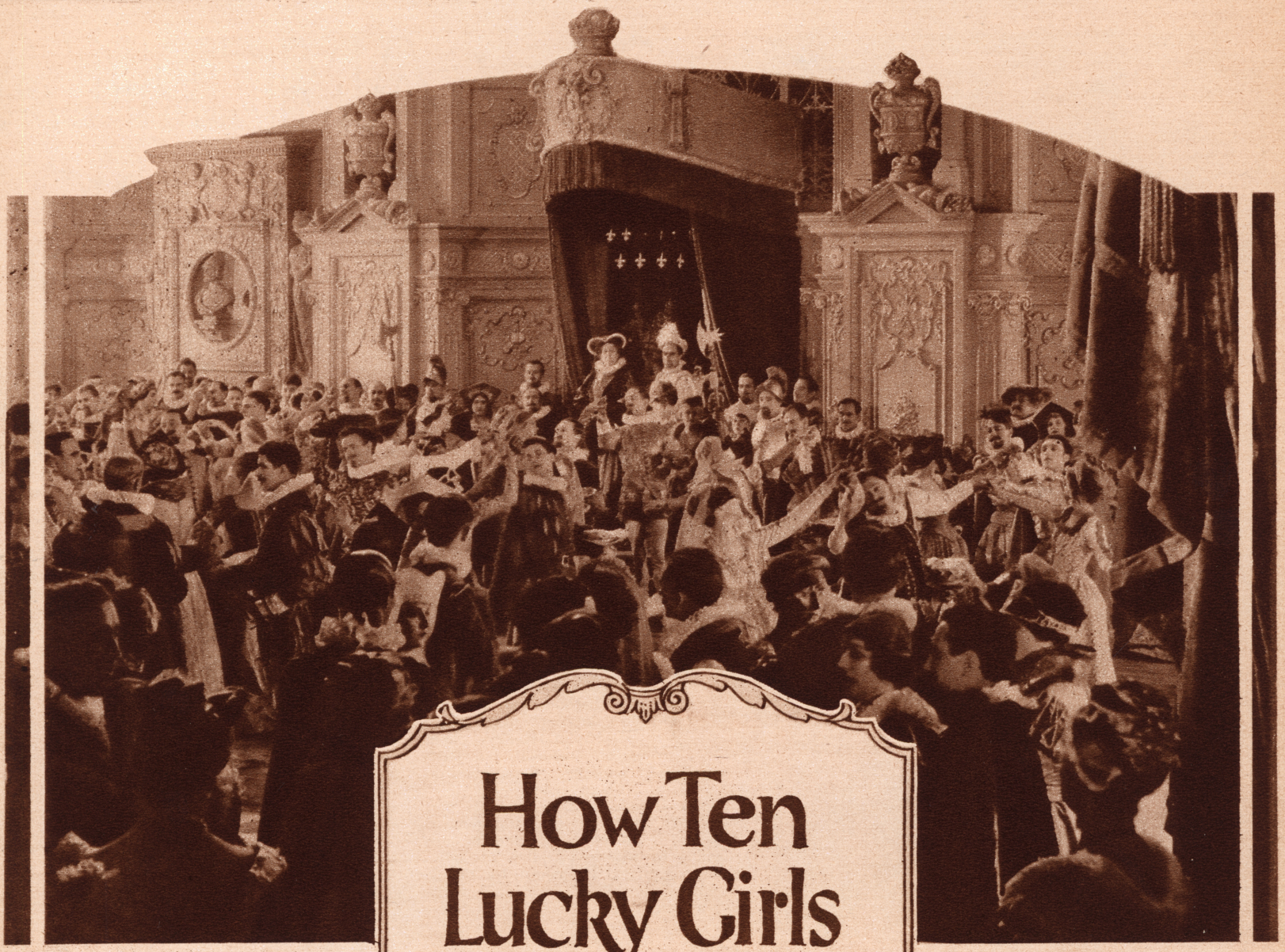
"Why, yes, of course," answered Miss Negri. "In a large studio one finds things are done in a way which is impossible in a small studio. All the hampering inconveniences of a small studio are eliminated. Beautiful dresses help to make the composition of the picture more satisfactory, and of course it is very nice to have a comfortable dressing room in which to prepare for a difficult scene and to rest after one has finished."

SO WEALTH isn't so bad, after all!

"Did you find yourself handicapped by American traditions of acting and production?" I inquired.

"At first, yes," answered the actress. "I was handicapped in my acting by having to keep the censorship in mind constantly. But the psychology of the American actor's mind is practically the

(*Continued on page* 30)



How Ten Lucky Girls *Became* Movie Actresses OVERNIGHT

Chosen because *they had never acted before*, they are now on their way to screen fame :: *By* T. *Howard Kelly*

The famous ballroom scene in *"Ashes of Vengeance."* The lucky ten will dance a minuet for the screen similar to the dance which takes place in this set.

IN A certain motion picture studio not far from the sophistication of Broadway, ten youthful beauties, novices in the art of screen acting, are dancing to the strains of a dreamy minuet that French belles of the Sixteenth Century encored. Beneath the richly brocaded costumes worn by these ten girls, ten young hearts are beating tumultously with the hope that they are dancing their way to an enchanted land—movie stardom!

Only a week ago these girls were wondering, like thousands of other pretty girls with movie ambitions, how they would ever get a chance to cast their reflections upon the silver screen. Not one of them knew a shortcut to the chance they desired. Breaking into the movies seemed an impossibility.

And then . . . presto! . . . the golden hammer of Opportunity knocked at the dream doors of these lucky ten. Figuratively speaking, Norma Talmadge wielded the golden hammer in this case. Miss Talmadge advertised for ten girls to double for her in the minuet scene which features her new production, "Ashes of Vengeance," now running at the Apollo Theatre in New York.

A riot call in Times Square could not possibly have started more excitement around the Green Room of the New York Theatre, where applicants were interviewed, than did this announcement. In spite of the fact that Miss Talmadge specifically stated that all applicants should resemble her, both in face and figure, an army of one thousand girls stormed the Green Room daily for six days. Norma quickly discovered that her doubles are as plentiful as the grains of sand upon the Sahara. Incidentally, she got some great ideas as to what a few hundred girls think she looks like.

From west side, east side, and all around the town, flowed the stream of pulchritude that allegedly bore a striking resemblance to a young lady whose weekly salary runs into the thousands. It was a difficult, and at times a most embarrassing job for Louis Brager, casting director of the Joseph M. Schenck Productions, to make his selections. At last, however, with the help of Norma Talmadge, Florenz Ziegfeld, who picks the Follies girls with an eagle eye several times a year, John Emerson and Anita Loos, Mr. Brager has separated ten girls from nearly ten thousand.

Let it be strictly understood from the start that these girls were not led on with any false promises of movie success by the overnight route. Nor were they guaranteed any kind of a motion picture career. Each one was hired at a salary to dance in the minuet before the camera. The glamor of assured stardom, or even a job to follow in Schenck productions, was not cast before them like an alluring spell. These girls were explicitly told that their movie chances all depended upon their own efforts.

MISS TALMADGE has merely given them a chance!

There, in the nutshell, is the point of this story. Here are ten girls, each one burning with the desire to become a movie star. The opportunity to reveal whatever talent, beauty, personality, and appeal they have through the medium of pictures has been long coveted by them.

Perhaps they have always felt, like a good many other girls, that all they needed to make good was the golden chance! Well, the chance has come their way, and at this very moment they are either falling away from their goal, or gaining upon it, as they exploit the opportunity Norma Talmadge gave them.

Their efforts will be watched with keen interest by other pretty girls in every section of the country, for to a myriad host of maidens with eyes set upon a film career, these ten girls have

found a new and unexpected gateway to the land of promise. It is interesting to note, in view of the hundreds of letters received from screen-struck girls who bewail the lack of opportunity for getting into the movies, that very frequently an unusual opportunity, similar to this one, occurs. Of course, it is not always possible for every ambitious girl to take advantage of such a chance. But, where there is a will a way is often found.

TAKE the case of Lily Christie, who in my humble estimation approximates Norma Talmadge in face and figure more than any of the successful applicants whom I interviewed. Miss Christie was miles away from New York when she read Norma's advertisement.

But, to her eyes the advertisement was a finger of fate pointing along the white road of Destiny. She heeded the gesture of chance without a single second's hesitation.

For the past few years she has been taken for Miss Talmadge wherever she goes. The resemblance is striking. And all of this time she had been wondering how her resemblance to Miss Talmadge might help her own moving picture ambitions.

ABOVE: *Lily Christie*, who cut short her vacation to "take a chance," and who was among the first accepted by *Miss Talmadge*.

LEFT: *Rose Lee, Winter Garden* novice, who seized an opportunity to enter the movies and is on the road to stardom.

RIGHT: *Evelyn Allyn*, a *Brooklyn* girl, who has danced for her friends, but who will now dance for the camera.

Naturally, the advertisement seemed like a stroke of luck to her. She left Culver Lake in the Blue Mountains of Vermont without waiting to pack a trunk. A day later she appeared before Mr. Brager. He, too, was arrested by her resemblance to Norma Talmadge.

And, now, Lily is wearing Norma's brocaded gowns, and taking dancing instructions from that great master of the ballet, Louis Chalif, who has been engaged by the Joseph Schenck Productions to arrange and direct the dance numbers which will be offered with the New York presentation of "Ashes of Vengeance." Miss Christie's dream of a movie career was woven from afar. She knew screenland only by the pictures she saw as a patron of theatres, and by the stories she has read about the famous actors and actresses who inhabit the magic realm of silver make-believe.

OF COURSE I have always hoped for a chance to get into picture work," she told me, as we sat in the Green Room watching a seemingly unending line of applicants filing in and out with their hopes pinned on the chance of resembling one of filmdom's fair idols, "but I didn't know anyone in the studios. So my dreams all seemed in vain until I read Miss Talmadge's announcement in the paper."

"Are you going to make the best of this chance?" I questioned her, knowing in advance what her answer would be.

"Am I?" she asked, with a sparkle of determination flashing in her dark eyes. "I have waited too long to let the golden opportunity slide by without putting my best effort forward," she declared.

Evelyn Allyn, another successful applicant, has been a club worker since leaving a Brooklyn high school, fifteen months ago. Doing social welfare

(*Continued on page* 31)

Foot-Notes

To the Movies

ABOVE:
When you get as many girls together as this *Century Comedy* crowd, they certainly can raise a lot of kick.

RIGHT:
Two feet of pulchritude are those of *Betty May*, of *Century Comedy* fame.

ABOVE, AT RIGHT:
Kathleen Key found a beach full of sand, and immediately she put her foot in it.

RIGHT:
Pola Negri is deeply touched—clear down to her foot!

ABOVE:
"The most beautiful feet in the world" — that's what they said of *Andree Lafayette's*, when they selected her for the role of *"Trilby."*

LEFT:
At the foot of a *Bull!* Guess which feet are *Bull Montana's* and which are the girlish feet surrounding him.

Watch Your Manners says Norma Talmadge

They *still make the man*— and the movie actress — declares the star

By Ruth Mabrey

NO ONE needs to tell a young miss nowadays to watch her mirror—the trick is to drag her away from it—but manners! Well, that's different! Many people never watch their manners; yet what good does one's beauty do her if something is wrong with the picture the moment she speaks?

All of us have had many good laughs over the *faux pas* we have heard, and one of the most popular kinds of humor is the joke about someone's ignorance of etiquette. The old line, "Soup should be seen and not heard," got many a howl of merriment when it was first sprung. And then there is the story about the old man who was much annoyed by the "airs" his family put on in introducing finger bowls at the table. He never failed to show his indignation even in front of company.

"No, thank you," he would say when the finger bowl was put before him, "I wash in my room."

And then there is the story of the young man who came home from college and rebuked his father for eating with his knife.

"I've eaten with this knife for twenty years," said the father, defiantly, "and I ain't never cut myself yet."

Of course, most people know better than that, but even so, good manners are not so general as they should be. And, according to Norma Talmadge, manners are acquired more easily than money. They are one of a screen star's greatest assets, incidentally; they have to be, because a star must meet so many hundreds of persons and create a good impression on all of them.

Courtesy, according to Norma, is the art of kindness to others, and is the mark of breeding. Being perfectly sure of one's self, one's manners, is a form of social insurance.

And, in order to be perfectly sure of one's self, one must have poise. Self-control is the most essential quality for good manners. It is a serious breach of form to allow one's self to betray anger, or to lose one's temper. Never, for instance, when your guest breaks one of your rare china tea-cups, never turn on her and tell her she's a dumb-bell—the slang is ours, not Miss Talmadge's. And don't be as tactless as the man who spilled his coffee on his neighbor's lap and then apologized by saying, "Oh, it's quite all right, I was through with the coffee, anyhow."

That, as you know, would never, never do!

But, all joking aside, the world is too full of ill-temper. Have you ever noticed how charming you find some man or woman whose voice is always beautifully modulated, always soothing, never raised in irritation? That is easy to cultivate. The tone of one's voice, the quality of one's laughter, reveal character better than anything else. Instant dislike can be inspired because there is an undercurrent of whine in one's voice, revealing that the speaker is ill-natured. A nasal pitch or loud, raucous laughter instantly give away the speaker's lack of breeding.

CONSIDERATION of the rights of others, says Miss Talmadge, is an attribute of the courteous—though, we admit to you privately, that's a bit difficult in a place like a crowded New York subway. When someone shoves you, it's a little difficult to refrain from shoving back. But do try to be reasonable about it. Someone may be behind the person shoving you, shoving him!

Any discussion of manners must necessarily include table etiquette. It is a breach of delicacy, for example, to comment on the food, except to praise it. Or, to be specific, in our own crude fashion, it is quite out of place to tell the hostess the meat is tough. Always spare the hostess' feelings.

Never refuse to partake of a dish you don't happen to like. Take

(*Continued on page 29*)

Would *Norma Talmadge* be as beautiful if she ate peas with a knife?

Why She's no longer an Extra Girl

How Ruth Gale, beautiful, capable, was *unable to rise above "Atmosphere" parts* until she found the secret of movie success

By Lawrence Langdon

Ruth Gale **had all the qualifications for screen success. Yet she only earned an occasional ten dollars a day, because she didn't know how to advance.**

BREAKING into pictures is a problem which has as many angles as there are girls in America.

By that we mean that every girl has her own problem and has to solve it her own way. We were talking to a motion picture agent the other day and he mentioned to us that he recently solved the problem of a girl called Ruth Gale, who had spent the last two years working as an extra and who had never seemed to be able to rise, although she had everything in her favor.

"Ruth Gale," he said, "is fully as good-looking as anyone of a hundred well-known ingenues. She has personality. She has worked in dozens of pictures and has seen many of the leading directors and stars at work. In other words, even to the point of screening well, she is fully capable of satisfactorily filling a role in many productions from time to time."

Why didn't she rise?

We are always reminded of the clever story of "Hollywood"—of Angela, the heroine of that picture who was "just a pretty girl." Truly, "the woods are full of pretty girls."

But Ruth Gale is not just a pretty girl. She has had enough experience in the studios to prove that mere admittance to the sacred ranks of those who draw pay checks from motion picture companies is not sufficient to guarantee success, so I asked the agent how Ruth Gale had finally been able to escape from the onerous business of playing atmosphere; of standing around in studios day after day; of scurrying from one agent's office to another; of working without recognition, without ever seeing her name on the screen, and only receiving, at the most, ten or fifteen dollars a day.

"First of all," the agent replied, "most girls don't look upon getting into pictures as a business. They are fascinated by the glamor of the studio; they are carried away by its bizarre atmosphere. They don't go about it in the same way that they would go about getting a job as a bookkeeper or a stenographer, and even when they do get a little job as an extra, they don't work conscientiously and intelligently, to lift themselves out of the extra class. Many seem to have the idea that influence is necessary; that you have to know some friend of a friend of a director; others believe they can get ahead best by vamping some official of prominence; and a few—very few—spend a lot of money in dramatic schools learning how to act. These, naturally, are the exception, although I do know of many cases of graduates from dramatic schools who have never been able to earn a cent.

"Take Ruth Gale, for instance. For two years, she remained just one of the crowd. She was undistinguished. Directors usually pay little attention to their 'atmosphere' players, and so she might have appeared in three pictures with the same director without his ever knowing that she was working for him.

"Finally, however, someone—in this instance, myself—began to realize that Ruth Gale was good material going to waste. Someone had to point out that she was good-looking, had personality, could wear clothes, knew how to act and knew many of the little tricks of the actress.

"I advised her to have some fine pictures made—pictures that would bring out all of her good points. I told her that, by virtue of these photographs, she would easily be able to break into the trade and general publications. In addition, I promised to send out a few notes about her, so that her name might appear in print and the impression might be received that she was a person of some consequence.

"I want you to realize, of course, that Ruth Gale had certain advantages. I don't mean to say every girl can go to a high-class photographer and get stunning photographs, or that I can take any girl and, by putting her through the same routine, call the attention of directors to her. Ruth Gale *deserved* the recognition.

"Within a few months, I had been able to induce several publications to print her pictures. Soon came queries, interest.

"'Say, who is this Ruth Gale, whose picture I saw in such and such a magazine the other day?' a director asked me. 'You know, she's almost the type I'm looking for.'

HERE was my opportunity. In this instance, I was able to say everything I had to say about her. Within a short time, she obtained her first engagement as an ingenue. Henceforth her career is in her own hands. I do believe, of course, that anyone will be benefited by publicity, but I do not believe that publicity will do the whole job. A girl's career depends more upon herself than upon the number of inches she gets in newspapers and magazines.

"To girls who have not had extra experience, I strongly advise that they place their problem in the hands of someone who can tell them exactly what kind of pictures to have taken; who will make an effort to place such pictures in periodicals; and who also will be able to circulate copies of pictures among the directors, casting directors and agents.

"In motion pictures, your photograph is your trademark and your advertisement. If a good still camera and a good still camera photographer can make you look beautiful, a motion picture camera will also make you look beautiful. Directors depend almost wholly upon photographs in making their selection for minor parts. They naturally want to interview an applicant for a position and judge for themselves. Unless you have attractive photographs, you won't even be called upon."

This, then, is the right path for the would-be movie actress. Beware the man who promises you immediate success. Beware the agent who offers you a job at once—for a consideration.

Although the movies are partially art, they are also a business. Use business methods to break into the movies. If you can't handle yourself, get a reputable business manager.

That is the lesson of Ruth Gale's experience.

Are you the ONE in 5,000

Many seek screen fame, *but few are chosen*, says James Ryan, casting director for Fox

By Alma M. Talley

James Ryan, chief casting director of the *Fox Studio* in *Los Angeles.*

WHAT are your chances of success on the screen? Provided, for instance, that you got as far along on your career as Hollywood, what would be the possibility of your getting your name even featured in the cast of a picture?

Your chance is one in five thousand!

Not much hope, is there?

What other profession is there where there is so little room at the top—or rather, so many aspirants for what little room there is? If you started out to be a barber, for instance, or a policeman, or a carpenter, you would probably figure that you had good reason for expecting success in your particular work. Probably one barber out of ten is successful, or one carpenter. But in the movies! Well, one look at Los Angeles or Hollywood gives you your answer. The city is just full of beautiful girls measuring ribbons or jerking soda, an ignoble end to their movie aspirations.

The four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every five thousand!

We got our statistics on the subject straight from James Ryan, the head casting director of the big Fox studios out in Hollywood. He has said the fatal "Nothing doing to-day" to many a poor aspiring screen applicant, but he hasn't any of the qualities the applicant associates with a casting director, meeting him on the wrong side of the window. He isn't hard-hearted, but very likable, and Irish and good-humored and full of sympathy for the would-be star.

But even his sympathy for her, or him, can't unlock the magic portals. There simply aren't enough parts to go round for all those who want them. And yet, the casting director is ever on the lookout for real talent, even in an amateur.

"But isn't that all bunk about the screen looking for new faces?" we asked Mr. Ryan. "All you directors say that, but newcomers are never welcomed."

"It is not bunk," he assured us. "The popularity of a star with the public is very fleeting. I can think of many famous stars of a half dozen years ago that have dropped into total obscurity now. A star lasts five or six years, as a rule, sometimes longer. That's one reason salaries are so big while they are famous. And that is also why we are constantly looking for new star material."

"Then, in your search for new faces," we inquired, "what do you look for? How do you know, when you interview an applicant, whether she is the one in five thousand?"

"Of course we can't *know*," he admitted, "the only thing we can judge by is the applicant's screen possibilities. And we know in general what to look for as far as appearance goes."

SO GATHER up closer, you would-be screen stars—here are the kind of features that will bar you from the screen:

A heavy jaw. Lantern jaws are fatal in a screen test.

High cheek bones.

A round face.

Pale blue or pale grey eyes. A decided color is necessary for the eye to register properly.

"The eyes," said Mr. Ryan, "are the most important feature of all. The screen depends on the eyes to express emotion, to register expression. The mouth, of course, seems important, but it can be shaped up,

(*Continued on page 30*)

Who said, "ACTING is an easy LIFE"?

Not *Netta Westcott, English beauty*, who came to this country to play in "*Maytime*" for Preferred Pictures

By Claire Weber

"I think the stage is the hardest of all professions to succeed in," said *Miss Westcott.*

IF YOUR day dreams revolve about a life of ease, don't pick on a theatrical career!

But probably you do, don't you? The chances are that you visualize yourself as a famous star, riding around in a 1924 model sedan or reclining lazily on a chaise longue eating chocolates—unless you have regard for your girlish figure! Doubtless you see yourself with a maid or a valet even to dress you—think of that—with nothing to do but sit back and get waited on or dance away the shining hours.

If that's your idea of a wonderful existence, the stage is no place for you! And when we speak of the stage in this connection, we include the movies, too. They both come under the general head of acting as a career—and that, let me tell you, is no easy life.

"Well, of course," you will answer, "it's hard work at first, but after one is *successful—*" with a wistful, dreamy accent on the "successful," implying all sorts of wonderful things. But that's the joker! Would you ever be successful? It's hard enough to be successful at anything—as a business man, or a writer, or a painter, or whatever you like—but winning success on the stage or screen is the hardest job of all!

For one thing, there's more competition. There are hundreds of would-be actors or actresses to dozens of would-be lawyers, or policemen, or salesmen. And the more competition you have, the smaller your chances. Only a few can reach the top, and it's a lot easier to crowd out fifty than it is five hundred.

That's one of the reasons for not choosing acting as your life work. But that's only one!

Another is, according to Netta Westcott, an actress herself, that it is harder to *earn* one's way to the top! Success doesn't always come even to those who merit it. And that, you must admit, would be a rather poor future to look forward to—to think that even if you worked and worked and became as good as the best in your profession, you might still sit back in total obscurity. Which is what Netta Westcott says about the stage.

It isn't a case of sour grapes with her, either, as she has been entirely successful so far in her career. She is an English actress, a tall, striking beauty, and Mr. Al Lichtman, of Preferred Pictures, while visiting abroad, was so impressed with her appearance and ability that he straightway engaged her to play a leading role in the screen production of "Maytime." So, shortly thereafter she undertook the long journey from London to Hollywood to begin work on her first picture. Quite a triumph to be specially imported to play in a picture!

Yet Miss Westcott startled us with an amazing statement.

"I wouldn't be an actress," she declared, "if I could do anything else."

THAT, from one of the glamored profession rather bowled us over.

We protested. Lots of budding young writers would probably have done the same.

"The stage is too much a matter of luck," she explained, in her beautiful English voice. "Of course, as you say, it's hard for writers and painters to get anywhere. But if they have real talent, they are fairly certain of having it discovered.

An editor likes famous names in his magazine, of course, but he doesn't turn down good material just because the writer is unknown. Work is accepted on its merits. One's own ability is what pushes one to the forefront of most professions.

"But the stage is different—and I suppose pictures are the same, though I haven't done any studio work yet. On the stage, luck is of more importance than in any other profession. No matter how capable an actor or actress may be, his success depends partly on someone else. One can't let the public decide if the public is not given the opportunity. There is nothing for an actor to do when he can't find a manager to give him a role.

"And that is sometimes quite difficult. A manager usually has his own acquaintances and favorites among the players and naturally he gives them the preference. There is no other profession that I can think of where favoritism is so marked as it is in the theatre. And it's most discouraging to feel that one can't earn success just

(*Continued on page 29*)

"ACTING isn't so DIFFICULT," Says Dorothy GISH

But Dorothy means she'd rather work than play

By Regina Cannon

You only have to look at *Dorothy Gish* to know that she would enjoy herself anywhere.

FOR a long time we have been hearing of the trials and tribulations of movie folks, the stormy seas and the stony paths they have traveled in order to reach the heights (figuratively, of course. According to reports, many a star who now spends his sleeping hours in a Louis XV, XVI or XVII canopied bed, once upon a time in the not-so-far-distant past reclined on a bench in the park. We have heard the park bench story so often that it has become a classic, not to mention the press agent's delight. Undoubtedly this unornamental piece of furniture figured conspicuously in some people's careers, but we must admit that it has been overdone.

When we first decided that our mission in life was to "do" the editors as early and often as possible, we used to stroll through Central Park for an inspiration, but the sight of those benches would bring tears to our eyes and a lump into our throat and memories of the sad, neglected evenings famous actors spent on them before moving to the Ritz.

Having finally attained Fame and the attendant Fortune, it would seem that the trials and tribulations of film favorites would be at an end. But, no! The work then begins. The long hours and the drudgery. They will all tell you, especially the women, that it is a hard life, but they will do it for Art's sake? Now who do you suppose, gentle reader, Art is? We thought we'd met everybody.

When our editor had read the latest lamentation on the difficulties of acting, he said to us, "Please, for the love of Mike"—or some such phrase frequently used in the drawing room—"find a movie star who will admit that acting isn't the hardest business in the world."

We thought and thought and finally came to decide that Dorothy Gish, who fairly romps through parts and radiates joy and youth, ought to have something interesting to say on the subject. We found Dorothy in her New York apartment. When the door opened a raucous voice called out, "Hello, there!" we were a bit startled. No, it was not the dainty Dorothy. It was a parrot. As we entered he called, "Come, Dot, here's company!"

"He's the official host," laughed Miss Gish. "He ushers everyone in and out of this apartment."

Dorothy was curled up in the corner of a large divan cutting satin rosebuds from a white chiffon party frock. "I'm going to launder this myself," she said. "it has just come back from the cleaners and is a few shades darker than when it went. Don't they manage to do the most dreadful things to clothes?"

We agreed and sympathized and then proceeded to mention the *pourquoi* of our visit.

"We want to know," we began, "not to be slangy or anything, but is this acting business as difficult as it's cracked up to be? You see, everyone doing it says it's the hardest work in the world."

WELL," commented Dorothy, "you see, I've never done anything else. Since I was four years old I've been on the stage. Just for fun, once in a while, I pick up the advertising section of a newspaper and look through the Help Wanted ads and wonder what on earth I could do if I didn't act. And truly I'm not capable of doing anything else. It's really alarming. You know, I might be able to be a housemaid, at a pinch, but I'm sure I wouldn't make a good one. Don't laugh, I'm serious.

"You see, when one has done a thing the number of years I've been acting, why it's just bound to come easier after a while. In school, you know, when you've been over a lesson, it is not so difficult the next day. And when one has done lots of pictures and tries to improve on each one, after a while, when the rough edges are worn off one's work, to speak figuratively, the sledding is not so hard."

"Then," we asked, "when you have made a success in one type of part should you go on and do something else?"

"I believe you should," returned Miss Gish. "It's a funny thing, though, most of the public don't seem to see it that way. They want you in the same character. They get used to seeing you doing a certain thing and expect you to do it always.

I'M generally a disappointment to people who meet me, you know. They must expect me to cavort around as I do in the pictures, or something or other, for they look at me in that 'you're cheating us' manner if I sit quietly in a corner. Can you imagine how tired people would get if I romped around the way my scenarios require me to.

"I like to be versatile. I liked doing La Clavel in 'The Bright Shawl,' in spite of what the critics said. It was an experience. I'd do it again, too. You see, I'm hard to cure, but it seems that I'm doomed to portray the gamin."

Dorothy sighed as she heaped the satin buds in a sewing basket.

"What are you going to do next?" we queried.

"Lillian and I are starting for Italy in a few weeks to do 'Romola' together. It's going to make a fine picture, I think. Of course Lillian's 'Romola.' She'll do it beautifully, as she does everything. I mustn't start talking about her though, for I never know when to stop. Did you know she was quite the athlete of the family? You'd never suspect it? Well, let me tell you she is. She swims beautifully and she can do a stunt Doug Fairbanks can't do, and you'll admit that is saying a good deal. Lillian is a splendid emotional——"

"Here, here," we warned, "we agree with everything you say about Lillian. Personally, we're quite mad about her, but we came to hear about Dorothy."

"Oh, well, you've heard all there is to say about Dorothy," said our hostess modestly, "you've been here five minutes."

"Goodby, girl, goodby, Dot," from our friend the parrot over in the corner.

So we took the cue and left Dorothy with the chiffon ruffles billowing around her.

Can an ACTOR stay Good?

T. Roy Barnes *depends on golf and radio* to keep his mind off the temptations of Broadway

By Julia Conklin

THREADING his way through Klieg lights and wires and cameramen, came T. Roy Barnes, coatless, hatless, with his collar unfastened, and his tie streaming along behind him.

"I have just been through a fire—in this last scene," he explained to us. "I am a publicity agent."

We were a little bewildered; something was wrong somewhere. "I thought," we began timidly, "that I was the publicity agent——"

"No, no, I mean I'm one in this new picture, 'Cain and Mabel.'" We were somewhat relieved. "I'm a regular press agent, for a prizefighter, and of course I do all sorts of terrible things."

We assured him we were going to do nothing terrible except interview him.

"That's bad enough," he told us, "but I know what to say to an interviewer. I've had several friends who were victims. They always say they play golf and tennis and are fond of the great outdoors, love children, music and dogs, and are good to their wives. Then all the little girls who read the interview sigh and say, 'Oh, isn't he just lovely!'"

"You're way off the track," we objected. "That isn't the kind we want."

"No? Well, then, perhaps something like this might help you: Little is known about my early life. I was born in a small town in Manchester, England, and came over to this country when I was nine, where——"

"Hold on a minute!" we cried. "You are getting ahead too fast. Let's start this way: How do you like it here in New York?"

"I am afraid that won't do, either," he answered. "If I told you what I thought of New York you couldn't print it."

"Yes, yes," we cried joyfully, "go on!"

"They say it is the city of opportunities," he began, "but you can't accomplish anything here. It's all right to say you have to be an early bird to get the worm, but in New York even the worms don't get up till eleven o'clock, so the birds are out of luck. Besides," he added, "it's a wicked sort of place."

"New York! Wicked! But," we said haughtily, slipping our eyebrows under our bang, "you come from Hollywood, don't you?"

"Yes," he said, flashing his smile at us—and it is a very winning smile—"and I hope it's the last time I ever come from Hollywood. The next time I get back to it I'm there to stay.

"Here in New York, where it's so crowded, you can't have any real, wholesome fun, and it's so lonely."

"Lonely, with six million people!" we cried incredulously.

"That is just the trouble. A fellow can be lonelier in a big city, surrounded by millions of people that he doesn't know, than he can all by himself, miles away from civilization.

"I know because I sometimes go on fishing trips by myself, way up in the wods, far away from everything and everybody—this is home in California, of course, you couldn't do that here—and for two or three weeks at a time I never see a single soul, man, woman, or baby. I can do just as I darn please, and I don't wear any—I mean—well, anyway, it's a wonderful life.

"In Hollywood," he went on, "you can find much more natural fun, like hunting trips and golf and tennis, because there you can stay out of doors nearly all the time. But in New York there isn't much for a man to do, so of course he gets into mischief."

"Of course," we agreed. "Then what do you do, when you are here, to keep out of it?"

HE GRINNED impishly. "My only guardian, guide and mentor, that keeps me treading in the straight and narrow, is a radio!

"I fixed one up at the club where I am living. We weren't allowed to have them, of course, so I had to sneak up on the roof at dead of night when everyone was sound asleep, and put up my aerial. It's only a little set," he went on, waxing enthusiastic, "but I can hear Chicago with it. Why, I never even go out for fear I'll miss something—so it keeps me home at night. That's one good way of being good, isn't it?"

It sounded too good for us. "Is that all you do to amuse yourself?" we asked.

"I sometimes read," he said thoughtfully. Mr. Barnes can look very serious when he tries—that is, if he can make his smile behave. "I'm sort of fond of the old philosophers, Marcus Aurelius and Socrates and Plato. I like things about ancient Greece, and one of my pet ambitions is to travel

(*Continued on page* 31)

Off the screen and on the screen, *T. Roy Barnes* is the prime exponent of happiness. He's the laughingest actor in the movies.

Doug Fairbanks "Thief of Bagdad" promises to be years film sensation

Arabian Nights' tale with *gorgeous settings and breath-taking thrills* may excel "Robin Hood"

By Charles E. Dexter

WHERE "Robin Hood" left off, the "Thief of Bagdad" will begin. That was the slogan of Doug Fairbanks as he began work on his new Arabian Nights picture, a film which advance notices declare will excel any other production ever made.

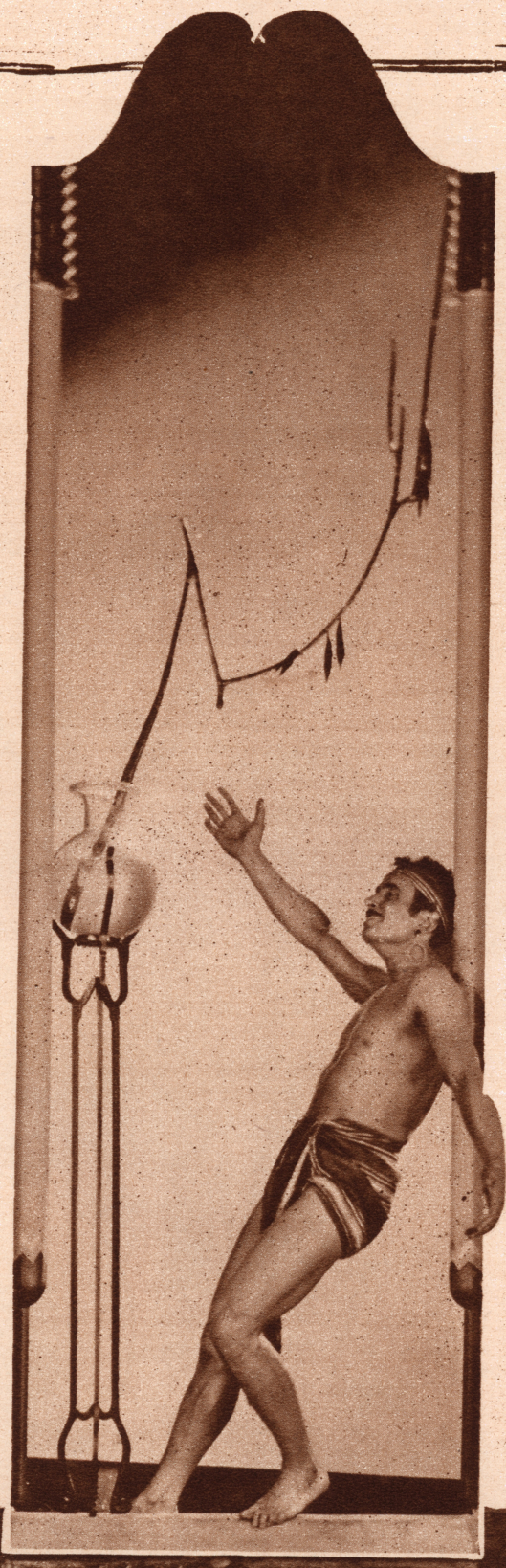
You may think that this is a big order, but Doug has a way of making big things seem easy. To his studio in Hollywood, for instance, he has just added ten acres on which sets of gigantic proportions have been erected. The sets, however, do not make the picture, and so Doug has gone to that most delightful of all books, the "Arabian Nights," for his inspiration.

He promises to re-create the magic carpet which transported its owner through the air more swiftly than the swiftest aeroplane. He will show his fans the wondrous crystal disclosing the future. In this realm of fancy will step Doug himself, portraying the part of a lowly beggar who comes into the possession of such power as mortals, neither before nor since, have possessed. The Fairbanks studio has become a veritable fairyland. All the Eastern land of magic in its mystic glow will pass once more before the eyes of those who see the "Thief of Bagdad."

As for the cast, it is equally as imposing as the settings. Of course, Doug will play the leading role and he is as enthusiastic about it as a boy with a new bicycle. Every day this summer he has been seen showing some distinguished visitors through the studios, or consulting with his numerous technical aides. The cast, in addition to Doug, includes Brandon Hurst, Julanne Johnston, Sadakichi Hartmann, Charles Belcher, Snitz Edwards and many others of note.

Actually, however, it is the extras who are the most interesting members of the ensemble. Dwarfs and giants, fat men and skinny men, ugly men and handsome men, pretty girls and some not so pretty, all join in a scramble and crush before the door of the casting office. For a time consternation ruled among the candidates for places in the cast, owing to the fact that the parts call for a light brown skin—the color of the natives of the Orient.

Each character, according to Al MacQuarrie, casting director for Mr. Fairbanks, must be the exact counterpart of some odd character in the "Arabian Nights." Doug's idea is to get as far away from grease paint as possible. On three successive days, 1,000 experienced photoplayers of every color, creed, nation and physique applied for places in the cast. Of this number less than 300 obtained work, indicating how exacting are the requirements.



How Doug happened to pick this picture is interesting. For a time it was announced that he was to appear in a pirate picture, but it is said that he realized that the bazaars, the palaces and the gardens in the "Arabian Nights" offered him not only a more picturesque background than the sea, but gave the opportunity which only the film actor has to perform breath-taking stunts. Magic and mystery dominate the "Arabian Nights," and while it is possible to create an atmosphere of magic and mystery on the stage, only the screen can make audiences gasp with its tremendous settings and camera tricks.

The "Thief of Bagdad" has even caused a decided change in Doug himself. He is wearing his hair long, not the length of the flapper who indulges in bobs, but long strands covering the back of his neck. As the accompanying illustration shows, Doug is revelling in the luxury of freedom from almost all sartorial restraint. His costume is costing him next to nothing.

BE PREPARED for the surprise of your life when the "Thief of Bagdad" is shown. Even Mary Pickford, who has been busy working on "Rosita," has been unable to withstand the appeal of the luxurious trappings of Doug's picture. She is to be found, whenever she is idle, wandering around the amazing fairyland which has been erected at the other end of the Pickford-Fairbanks studio.

You have to hand it to Doug.

"Robin Hood" seemed the last word, but the "Thief of Bagdad" promises to be even better.

Looking ahead to the future, both Doug and Mary have tremendous plans. Mary's next picture, after "Rosita," is "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," adapted from the book by Charles Major, who also wrote "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

The report has also been heard that after "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," Doug and Mary will appear together in a new edition of "Romeo and Juliet," directed by Ernst Lubitsch, the famous German director, whose first American production was "Rosita."

"Romeo and Juliet" was made by Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne when they were in the heydey of their popularity. But "Romeo and Juliet" with Doug as the poetic lover and Mary as the glorious Juliet, will be an attraction bar none in the history of the screen.

"Romeo and Juliet" will be a fitting climax to the careers of Doug and Mary.

Marion in "LITTLE"

Marion Davies emerges as a screen actress of great ability in *"Little Old New York."* *Harrison Ford* plays opposite her.

One of the biggest scenes of "Little Old New York" is the first trip of the famous steamboat, the Clermont. Robert Fulton, inventor of the steamboat, is impersonated by Courtenay Foote, another extraordinarily fine bit of acting.

The leading male role opposite Miss Davies is in the hands of Harrison Ford, who is perhaps a trifle stiff, but does some very excellent work.

To Sidney Olcott, director, and Joseph Urban, the scenic artist, our congratulations. They have acquitted themselves nobly.

Among the many well-known players in the cast are J. M. Kerrigan, Mahlon Hamilton, as Washington Irving; Sam Hardy, as Cornelius Vanderbilt; Charles Judels, as Delmonico; and Gypsy O'Brien, as Ariana De Puyster.

"Little Old New York" occupies a place all by itself as a superfine picture.

"You can't get in the studio," the doorman tells *Hope Drown*, while *Jack Holt* and *May McAvoy* look on, in *"Hollywood."*

Creates the finest role of her career in charming production of old Broadway—"*Hollywood*," "*Homeward Bound*," and "*St. Elmo*," reviewed

By Lewis F. Levenson

"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK"

Thorough-going Entertainment

We remember four years ago when Marion Davies was breaking into pictures, how she was looked upon as an impossible actress, a beautiful girl who knew little or nothing about the business of creating roles.

We mention this because it is all the more wonderful that Marion Davies should now occupy a place practically at the top of the screen ladder of fame. She established herself in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," but even in that production she had no such opportunity for genuine acting, character creation, comedy, drama and pathos as in "Little Old New York."

As a result, this picture, which has been produced with all the lavishness of every Cosmopolitan production, is quite as good an entertainment as any play. In seeing it, we naturally miss the human voice, but the characters are so splendidly endowed with life, the settings are so realistic and the direction is so entirely sure of itself, that we are forced to admit that even the play could not approach the picture.

"Little Old New York" is a story of the metropolis of 1807, when the original Vanderbilts, Astors, Schuylers, Delmonicos and others were founding the great families which still reign in society and finance. Into this milieu comes a little Irish girl, Patricia O'Day, disguised as a boy so that she may claim the fortune which has been left to her by an American kinsman. Miss Davies plays the charming Pat O'Day. In moments of delicate comedy, she brings every smile, every chuckle to the surface; when tragedy overcomes her she weeps exquisitely; and when she is forced to play a rather brutal whipping scene, she even approaches the agonizing technique of Lillian Gish herself.

The remainder of the cast is equally good. Two characters stand out, however: Andrew Dillon, as John Jacob Astor, creates a picture which is exactly that which we should have expected—a stern aristocrat, far-sighted, capable, yet kindly. The comedy honors are borne by Harry Watson as Bully Boy Brewster. Mr. Watson and Louis Wolheim, as the "Hoboken Terror," fight with the bare fists of olden days in a scene which is chuckful of realism.

"HOLLYWOOD"

The Picture of Your Dreams

Would you like to go to Hollywood?

Of course you would!

Well, let this reviewer tell you not to waste a couple of hundred dollars on railroad fares. Stay home, go to your home town movie when "Hollywood" comes to town, and see it not quite as it is, but as it ought to be if it isn't.

"Hollywood" is the perfect fan picture. Perfect in the sense not only that every fan in the world

Davies Triumphs in "OLD NEW YORK"

will want to see it, but that there isn't a foot of bunk in it. No attempt is made to gloss over the perfectly human side of the motion picture colony. The fifty or more stars who have minor parts in the picture act quite as you might expect them to act—like themselves.

And the cast!

Imagine seeing Charlie Chaplin, Doug and Mary, Fatty Arbuckle, the entire retinue of Famous Players' stars, including the two De Milles, Pola Negri, William S. Hart, Ben Turpin, Ford Sterling and dozens of others, all in the same picture.

This magnificent starring array would be enough to make you gasp if it were not for the fact that "Hollywood" is a delightful story directed by James Cruze, who also gave life to "The Covered Wagon." It is the tale of a screen-struck girl who goes to Los Angeles and becomes not a star, but the only member of her family who is unable to get into the movies. She is just a pretty girl, and, as the casting director of Universal Studio tells her, "The woods are full of pretty girls."

Another final close-up by *Thomas Meighan* and *Lila Lee*, this time from *"Homeward Bound."*

Her old grand-dad, played by Luke Cosgrave, rises to the heights of stardom. Her grandmother, her aunt, her sweetheart and, later, when she is married, her children, and even her parrot, all get in the movies, but she, because she is just a pretty girl, has to stay home. A good sound moral for pretty girls: Stay away from Hollywood.

Another fine point of this picture is its dream sequence, in which the girl's sweetheart imagines Hollywood as it has been painted in the lurid yellow press of the country. This episode is one of the finest things of its sort seen on the American screen, almost approaching "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" in its clever symbolism.

Luke Cosgrave, as the grandfather, is easily the outstanding figure of "Hollywood," and we don't doubt that Mr. Cosgrave will soon become quite as big a star as the character he plays.

Hope Drown, also new to the screen, is well cast as the heroine; it is said Miss Drown's own experience was quite similar.

We know we shan't have to remind you to go to see Hollywood. You have undoubtedly made up your mind already to see it more than once.

"HOMEWARD BOUND"
A Typical Meighan Picture

Personality is Tommie Meighan's trademark. He doesn't need a good picture to be able to please. "Homeward Bound," which is the screen name for Peter B. Kyne's story, "The Light to Leeward," is just an average picture, pleasing only because Mr. Meighan plays the leading role.

The story concerns Jim Bedford, played by Mr. Meighan, who is first mate on one of the ships of the fleet controlled by a millionaire. Bedford manages to save his vessel in a storm when it is jeopardized by the drunkenness, cowardice and inefficiency of Captain Svenson.

The millionaire buys a yacht for his daughter, Mary, and Bedford injects himself into the situation when he gets on board the yacht, drives off the drunken captain, and takes command himself. The remainder of the story contains the usual fights, hurricanes, squalls, and ultimate love-making of this type of story.

Lila Lee plays again opposite Mr. Meighan. This is a congenial association which adds considerably to the entertainment value of the picture.

Meighan fans will undoubtedly be pleased by "Homeward Bound."

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"ST. ELMO"
Going Back to 1893

It is hard to believe that any producer would accept so old-fashioned and hackneyed a story as "St. Elmo." Although William Fox has not hesitated to give this relic of thirty years or more ago a good production, nothing that he or his director, Jerome Storm, could do could save "St. Elmo" from being a frightful bore.

The story contains practically no action after the first reel, in which the hero rather unconscionably murders another man.

A picture must have a fairly interesting theme if it is to endure through five reels without action. This theme "St. Elmo" lacks. The hero is an unreal character, Pollyannish in the beginning, developing later into a man, woman and child-hater. And while hate may be a motive for other action, when the action itself is lacking, hate—even hate—becomes tiresome.

John Gilbert plays the part of St. Elmo Thurston, the handsome young owner of a plantation in the South. Mr. Gilbert was undoubtedly right in going back to the acting style of the 1890's, a florid, tempestuous style in which anger is portrayed by throwing a chair across the room and joy by lifting the arms high above the head as in Number 3 of the Swedish Setting-up Exercises. Bessie Love is winsome and pathetic enough as the girl. Early in the picture we thought that she would undoubtedly land in the great big city and wind up in the clutches of the Y. W. C. A. But she stayed home and for no reason at all stood for all the nonsense of the hero, finally losing all our sympathy when she marries him.

Jack Gilbert* and *Bessie Love* in a tense scene from that old-fashioned melodrama, *"St. Elmo."

J. WARREN KERRIGAN
appearing in
"The Covered Wagon"

BESSIE LOVE
appearing in
"St. Elmo"

"If I could only grow up...."

Cries Shirley Mason

—Meaning *That Flapper* Roles Get To Be a Bore After a While.

By Marion Moore

"I stopped growing physically ages ago," said Shirley, proving thus that she is unaffected and true, for no movie actress under any circumstances ought to talk about "ages ago."

"But you know how the movies are. You start playing one thing and you keep on playing it, not because anyone in particular wants you to, but because it is supposed that the indefinite public likes you in that role.

"So half the time I'm a flapper and half the time a sort of Bowery Raggedy Ann. Strangers might get the idea that I was a flower of the slums, but . . . honest Injun, I never saw the Bowery in my whole life."

What troubles these movie stars do have . . .

YET, after all, their troubles are no worse than those of folk in other lines. Let a doctor, for instance, make a particularly successful operation on a gland. His fame will spread and for the rest of his life he will operate exclusively on glands. Or take Ring Lardner. Ring Lardner, who'd like to write plays and serious books and all that, and who has to keep on writing, "You know me, Al," stuff because the famished public wants that and nothing else.

Returning, however, to Shirley:

"I'd like to play all sorts of parts that would never suit me, an occasional vamp, a dignified lady. I'd like to wear handsome gowns. Being pint-sized has its drawbacks. Suppose, for instance, I wanted to get into a picture like 'If Winter Comes.' Why, I'd have to get into a character make-up and play Low Jinks. That'd be the only thing left for me."

Miss Mason's most memorable role was as the boy hero of "Treasure Island," the old Maurice Tourneur production which still lingers in my mind as one of the most beautiful things ever done on the screen. I happened to remark to Miss Mason that George Randolph Chester had just written a story which has a heroine something like herself, a movie star who has to keep on playing slaveys and similar raggedy roles because she once made a hit in that sort of part.

"The truth of it is that exhibitors don't like to take a chance. They want to make money out of every picture, for which you can hardly blame them. They get a good slavey picture and make money out of it, and then flood the offices of producers with letters praising that picture.

"'Give us some more of the same stuff,' they cry, and the producer has no choice. He has to keep on turning out the same old stuff until finally the public gets tired of it. If you look around you will see how many stars fall into grooves."

So Shirley Mason can't grow up yet. The public still wants her flappers and her Raggedy Anns. In the meantime, she's making life as happy as she can for herself by staying so deeply in love that the whole world could roll by and leave her hanging in space, and she wouldn't know the difference.

Happy the movie star who is six years married and still in love.

WOULDN'T it give you a pain . . .

If you'd like to play grown-ups (being a grown-up), and all your producer and director gave you was one darned flapper after the other?

I met Shirley Mason in the one place of all places where Shirley Mason ought to be met, in the Fox studio. I found her worried, worried because the man of men, her husband, was seriously ill. For a time I thought she'd only be able to give me just one more story on marriage. And, while marriage may be a frightfully absorbing pastime, it also has the drawback of becoming a bit of a bore when you talk about it all the time.

"My husband," said Shirley Mason, "is ill because he happened to catch cold watching Gallagher and Shean."

"And what, pray tell, were Gallagher and Shean doing that he should catch cold?"

Not imitating polar bears. No. They were filming scenes on the roof of the Fox studio.

I gleaned soon after that Shirley is in love with her husband, tremendously, fully in love with him. Curiously, I asked how long she had been married.

"Six years," she replied proudly, and I melted. Here was my movie star par excellence, my grand and glorious star. Six years married, and so deeply in love that although I tried my hardest, I couldn't make Shirley talk about anything but her husband and her husband's illness for fifteen straight minutes.

At last we returned to the subject of the movies.

"I keep on playing *Raggedy Ann Bowery* characters," says *Shirley Mason*, "although I never saw the *Bowery* in my life."

"No Woman can know LIFE unless she Marries," Says Virginia Valli

"A thousand obscure truths are revealed to the woman who takes the fateful step," declares *Virginia Valli.*

Miss Valli and her husband, *Demarest Lamson*, are one of the ideal couples of *Hollywood.*

Her own *marriage has recreated life for her*, says the "quality lady" of the films

By Grace Greenwood

I THINK every actress should be wed!" quoth beautiful Virginia Valli.

"You're prejudiced because you're happy," I said.

She and her nice husband, Demarest Lamson, whom everybody calls Demmy for short—no pun intended!—are one of the most delightful couples in Hollywood.

"No, it's not that," said Miss Valli consideringly.

She always says things consideringly, does Miss Valli. There is much of what we used to call "feminine mystery" about her—partly due to the gentle, veiled softness of her eyes.

She's just the kind of girl you read about, is Miss Valli, but that you hardly ever meet. You feel she's the sort that knights in armor used to climb slimy castle walls to rescue from ogres.

"She's unbelievably sweet," said Mamma Lamson enthusiastically—behind her back, too! And when you can get your mother-in-law to say a thing like that about a daughter-in-law—a mother-in-law with no axes to grind and a naturally outspoken disposition, well, you know that girl has a perfect right to pick her own halo.

But anyhow, as I was saying—or rather as Miss Valli was saying—

"It's not that at all. I am happy, to be sure. But no woman can possibly know life without having married. It is all quite unexplainable; but there are a thousand obscure truths of life, things related to commonplace happenings even, that somehow never are made clear to the unmarried woman."

Miss Valli paused. She is just a bit mid-Victorian, is Miss Valli—and she felt she had gone rather far.

"You see, understanding life and people makes us more charitable. An artist, above all, must be broad and charitable. The realization of the profound sources of life, the springs of impulse, makes one charitable to life's frailties.

"Suiting one's life to another is an education, a discipline, that makes for broad sympathies."

"Well, I'm glad she thinks that," said delightful Demmy.

Then he exclaimed impulsively and irrelevantly—'How do you like my baby's hair this way?"

He meant Virginia's. It came all out with the pneumonia, and now it is cropped close and curly like a boy's, giving piquancy to her feminine eyes and delicate face.

Demmy couldn't be bothered philosophizing. There is Virginia, beautiful, adorable. That's enough for him. Well, no, maybe not quite enough. Demmy has had a terrific ambition awakened in his heart through his love of his lovely wife. He is far on his road to being a director. Already they are considering letting him take a company to direct, over there at Universal. At present he is assisting—and studying like mad to make good. But he will joke.

"Demmy says that when he becomes a director he will let me have a small part in his picture," smiled his wife.

We were traveling in Virginia's Cadillac up to Virginia's home on the top of a Hollywood mountain. It was sunset, and we stopped to gaze at the Spanish plaster houses nestling against the side of the opposite hill—fit emblems of the old Spanish traditions which still cling to California like faint perfume. Soon the quiet, dark hills would close in about us, except for a few twinkling lights. How restful that home of Virginia's.

But one climbs one hundred steps to get to Virginia's house—or is it only ninety-nine steps—anyhow, what are a few steps among friends?

But it was Virginia, the delicate, who chose the house! Her husky husband rather resents the steps. But Virginia has a quiet, little, firm way of choosing to do things, and just has her way, that's all. Not that she would have taken that house if it was really going to harm anybody, but she knows it can do nothing but good to Demmy to climb those stairs.

UP AT the house are Virginia's husband's mother and father. And it was while I was powdering my nose that Virginia's mamma-in-law confided in me how she and her husband couldn't possibly love Virginia more if she were their own daughter.

"Beauty isn't merely skin deep!" she said enthusiastically. "Virginia has the most beautiful disposition I have ever known."

The atmosphere of that home is wonderful.

(*Continued on page* 30)

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Elinor Glyn's famous novel

SIX DAYS

I.—A luxury-loving widow (*Myrtle Stedman*), promotes a money match between her daughter, *Laline* (*Corinne Griffith*) and *Lord Charles Chetwyn* (*Claude King*), who is wealthy.

II.—But in *Paris*, *Laline* falls in love with *Dion Leslie* (*Frank Mayo*), a sculptor.

VI.—*Dion* reads of this marriage and comes to *Lord Chetwyn's* home to claim his rightful bride.

V.—But they are rescued separately. *Laline's* scheming mother tells her *Dion* is dead, and forces her marriage to *Lord Chetwyn*.

III.—While visiting trenches, they are entombed in a dugout.

IV.—Thinking they have only "six days" to live, they ask the priest to marry them, which he does, and they give themselves up to love.

What does a screen kiss mean?

Ruby Miller thinks there is entirely *too much freedom in studio osculatory* methods

By Vera Pine

OH, I'M just pots about America!"

She means it quite all right, does Ruby Miller. That's merely the English way of saying she likes us, old dear, and all that sort of thing!

Miss Miller has been imported to Hollywood direct from England. In England she appeared in support of Sir Charles Hawtrey, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and other well-known stars of the stage, and she was also a sensation in the cinema.

Now she is doing a high power vamp in "Alimony," over at the Powers Studios, and that's how I happened to ask her about kisses.

Miss Miller was a vision in ingenue-ish white organdie, embroidered in orchid, when I met her in her dressing room. And she had on the innocent-est looking, daisies-in-the-field, pure-looking, hat in the world. Her hair is henna color, however, and so are her eyebrows—but her sapphire blue eyes keep up the ingenue idea. So that I felt positively wicked when I plunged into the subject of kissing, and told her I heard that she was famous for her made-to-order kisses. Or at least I should have felt wicked only for the mischievous sparkle in those sapphire-blue eyes, which laughing sparkle denotes sophistication as well as taking the sting from her words and making everything she says more or less high comedy.

The actress does some wild and spectacular kissing in "Alimony," but despite the naturally disturbing character of the subject of osculation, she has it nicely analyzed, with all the different sorts of kisses neatly measured and pigeon-holed.

"There is altogether too much freedom in kissing, too much osculatory camaraderie, in the studio and behind the scenes of the stage," declared Miss Miller with energy. "Kissing is as common as handshaking in the lay world, and it means no more. Actors and actresses kiss like brothers and sisters. It is quite harmless, but it leaves no kick in the kiss for the stage and screen. There is no mystery about it. It's just like making a pudding!

"You go to sleep in the theatres these days watching a love scene on the screen.

"The minute you are free with men, you lose that sense of mystery. Everything that matters in a love scene in screen or stage play has disappeared.

"Now I made the kiss famous in England! That's because I have a method. No, not a method of kissing, so much, as a method of not kissing. That is, not kissing offstage. I made it a point to be as standoff-ish as a school teacher in the studio and the theatre. I permit none of the promiscuous, even though innocent, gestures of affection which actors commonly indulge in toward each other, with the result that when I come to kiss a man in a scene, he realizes that it is an unusual experience.

I NEVER play a love scene until the last of the picture. An actor must be brought to the point of wanting to kiss me before that scene comes along, too. I get them interested in me. I let the actor talk to me until he thinks that I am brilliant!

"Because, you see, you must know your actor first! With Warner Baxter, with whom I have some fervent love scenes in 'Alimony,' I talked first about golf. I don't care tuppence about golf myself, but I know that he does. Also we talked about music. He is a very fine musician. We never got on the golf green together at all!

Warner Baxter and *Ruby Miller* demonstrate the 1923 model in kissing in this scene from *"Alimony."*

"I never permit any familiarity. I really don't want to wreck homes, you see! I just get them interested until they begin to think they see something different from other women in me. For one thing, I always tell the truth. Men like women who tell the truth.

"I just don't let him kiss me until I have succeeded in thoroughly interesting him and engaging his curiosity.

"When the scene comes along, I tell him, 'Let go and put everything into this kiss!' He likes me before that, you see. He is in love with me mentally, and when I begin to exercise sex lure, he becomes crazy to kiss me!

"As I said before, women can act, men cannot. The actor must mean what he does, and the woman must know how to curb him so that there is no shock to the audience through a too sensual display of emotion.

"In 'The Edge of Beyond,' I have a fervent love scene. A wife wrote to me saying, 'I was about to lose my husband. You have taught me a lot.' You see, the wife I played was a clever woman. She was intriguing, sometimes aloof, but vividly attractive. She didn't let herself slip into stupid frumpery. She thought it worth while to keep her husband also her lover, and to exercise all her fascinations.

"I don't like to play wishy-washy heroines. And I have to laugh at these actresses who, according to the magazines, gambol always with the lambs on the green—and according to the newspapers are parties to lurid divorce suits."

"But to get back to kisses," I suggested.

"Well, there are many kinds of kisses, of course. The wifely kiss is quite deadly. It is the tamest of all—an awful affair. It is bestowed early in the morning, and then it is out shopping with the old bag and home at night with the squeaky shoes!

"The young girl kiss is very shy, very nervous. The flapper's kiss is very calm and sophisticated. She did it before, and rather likes it. There is the mother's kiss—very ethereal, very beautiful, very sweet. There is the wild love kiss—merely the passion of the moment, very fierce, and burns out quickly.

"In the case of passionate kisses, they should be the white flame of passion. One should be able to kiss on stage or screen four or five minutes with no offense.

"Then there is the rarest of all kisses in the world, the kiss of two wonderful mates who have found each other. This kiss is so rare as to be almost as extinct as the dodo. The kiss never happens in youth. This love happens only to men and women over thirty. Then mentality has gained, spirituality has grown greater."

WELL, how does the actor's wife like it—this kissing idea of yours?" I asked.

"Oh, I can always get along with the wives. They know that I am on the level—that I permit no off-screen familiarity. For the rest, I take them out and buy them a new dress, and they will be all right."

Asked what she thought of American men and women, Miss Miller answered they were brilliant, but money mad.

"American women are too hard," she said. "They talk only of money and alimony at bridge parties and everywhere. American men would be very interesting if they were not so money mad.

"The greatest combination is the American man with the European woman, and the English man with the American woman. The European woman makes the American man stop and play a bit and interest himself in art, and the American woman makes the Englishman rustle around and earn money."

I asked Miss Miller if she is married.

"My husband," she answered, "was killed in the war. It was a real love match. No, he was not an actor. He was a business man. If I ever marry again, I shall marry an American."

"Because he is so fine?" I asked.

"No," she laughed, "because he is so easy to deceive!"

So much for a woman's point of view as to kissing, love and marriage.

It may be, however, that Miss Miller is deceiving herself. The American man may be as easy to deceive as an ostrich, but he possesses a rugged strength that may well cause Miss Miller to ponder before she tries to test it.

Others have thought they knew all there was to know about the art of love.

Are you sure yours is the final word, Miss Miller?

"Constance Talmadge is Fickle," says DeSola

Character expert *doubts*, however, that she ever relinquishes a really *affectionate tie*

By Vincent de Sola

NOTE: *What is the secret of each screen player's magnetism? With what traits of character does he or she command attention, hold the public, win affection?*

Mr. de Sola will answer questions such as these by a scientific physiognomical analysis of the features of each player as he or she actually is, as we would find them to be through long acquaintance, close study and intimate contact.—EDITOR.

Constance Talmadge

CHARACTER READING: *These features speak of unusual cheerfulness, wit, and readiness of language. A happy, easily gratified disposition is shown, although this is counterbalanced by an occasional tendency to brood. The nature is challenging, assured but modest, and somewhat maternal. It is the face of one who likes to be liked, and who is free from over-serious emphasis on the details of life.*

I AM not a critic of acting, but only of faces. Yet it seems to me from my study of the face of Constance Talmadge that she is eminently fitted by nature and temperament as a comedienne. Her characteristics fall in line with scarcely a contradiction.

She lacks, perhaps, that streak of melancholy which sems the property of all great humorists, that peculiar counterbalance which lends so much, for instance, to Charles Chaplin's protean art, but she has, certainly, spontaniety, natural love of gaiety and laughter, and a remarkable freedom from everything portentous and unduly solemn.

The nose, lips, and eyes all convey a sense of something provocative, something challenging. It is not a true challenge, however, merely a method of attraction, whose owner is only too ready to surrender to friendliness and cordiality. It is true, of course, that she likes conflict, but it is a cheerful conflict, the sort of badinage that masks only good humor. Scenes of any sort such a person would dislike and avoid at any cost.

I note some tendency towards mathematics in the brow, towards at least a clear arrangement of details and an orderly habit of thinking. The eyes reveal an interesting contradiction. They show at once a person who has a deep fund of the warmest sentiment, and yet one who is not at all sentimental, but even mildly and pleasantly cynical. Out of this contradiction springs still more of the humor so present in the face.

"Constance Talmadge is one of the fortunate few who are able to enjoy pleasure to the limit," declares *Vincent de Sola.*

THE brows would point to an even disposition, which nevertheless can be whip-like when angered to a pitch. There is nothing revengeful in the face, in spite of this, and it is one inclined to read kindness into other's actions rather than malice.

It would seem that she is intellectually fastidious. However, it is the face of one who loves quiet conquest, who is eager to win everyone over to her, and who has learned adaptability to help her in this. There is pride in the contours of the cheeks, but for the sake of laughter or friendly affection—the two mainsprings of her character—she can sacrifice even this. It is not so stable a character as that of her sister, Norma, and is more inclined to compromise with the demands of existence.

There is courage in the interestingly molded chin—an unusual degree of it. The lips have great readiness of speech, and it would appear as if their owner had the gift of a certain light wit.

THIS is the character of one who is stronger in the details of life than in the larger ordeals. She has tact, swiftness, ingenuity, and a hundred other gifts to carry her through tiny problems. In the major problems of life she is inclined to seek out those who are stronger, and rely upon their protection which she has created through her good-humor and her complete trustfulness.

I should say, perhaps, that the eye with its simplicity of observation and lack of penetrative quality indicates that she is one somewhat easily impressed, though never awed. She is intuitive so far as emotions are concerned, and she relies upon this faculty rather than upon analysis or reasoning.

The forehead and the keenness of the eye indicate a good intellectual equipment, tempered with sophistication. Nevertheless her appeal is made, I would deduce, through an almost child-like suggestion. The nature is buoyant and daring, full of impulses. It looks forward perpetually. A tendency to brood now and then saves it from superficiality, and balances her proneness to find humor in everything.

Because of the delicacy of mood and the nimbleness of temperament, she might be called fickle. It is doubtful, however, if she ever relinquishes a real, affectionate tie once it is made. The dramatic instinct is in the face, though it is marred by a certain consciousness. I should say that she is *always* acting, and yet is so anxious to be human and real, that she is always *admitting* she is acting. She does not take her calling as seriously as most screen players. She is of the fortunate few, those born with a capacity for pleasure to an unlimited degree, and every opportunity for attaining it.

It is an ideally balanced nature and it is highly interesting and individual.

I have never seen Miss Talmadge act, but, if my reading be accurate, I can well imagine her claims upon the film audiences. It is not, possibly, a universal appeal, but it is a very deep and true one.

"Within the Toils"

The fifth gripping instalment of "*Human Wreckage*" in which Alan Macfarland finds that the monster of dope is stronger than he. Fictionized from the Film Booking Office's picturization by C. Gardner Sullivan, featuring Mrs. Wallace Reid

By Charles Warnerby

"Get out of this house!" *Macfarland* said sternly.

What has gone before:

Jimmy Brown, a drug addict, smashes the window of a pawnbroker's shop to steal something with which to procure drugs. He is arrested, and a policeman calls upon his mother, informing her of the matter. Mrs. Brown, who has slaved in order to take care of her son, appeals to her neighbor, Mrs. Finnegan, for help. Mrs. Finnegan's daughter, Mary, knows Ethel Macfarland, wife of Alan Macfarland, the ablest lawyer in the State. Mary and Mrs. Brown go to her for help and she consults her husband, who promises to get Mrs. Brown's son released. Meanwhile, Alan Macfarland, crazed by overwork, permits an unscrupulous physician to give him an injection of morphine. The drug relieves him and he is able to conceal the fact from his beautiful young wife. Ethel, calling at the Finnegan home to inquire about Jimmy Brown, is horrified to discover that Mary also is a drug addict, and that her addiction is having a disastrous effect on her tiny baby as well. Stone, who supplies Macfarland with his drugs, is arrested by Federal narcotic officers and taken to jail. He protests his innocence, avowing that Macfarland, his friend, will vouch for him.

THE days following Mary's removal to a hospital, where she was to undergo medical treatment for her fatal habit, were days fraught with nervous concern and anxiety for Ethel Macfarland. The lawyer's wife had followed her former seamstress through her trouble from the first discovery of the fact that afternoon in the Finnegan flat. Now, not only Mary, but the baby, constituted a grave charge for Ethel, which she knew without consideration she must see through to the end.

The return of Jimmy Brown to his home heartened Ethel, overriding her secret disquietude as to the probable doom of the unfortunate girl. This fact alone, more than any other, cheered Ethel in what she knew intuitively was going to be a hard battle. Would she win? Would the baby win? Yes, she concluded, thinking hopefully of Jimmy Brown—if it lay in human power to do so.

One morning, a short while after Mary's removal to the hospital, Ethel visited her, bringing fruit and flowers. The young girl, lying back, drawn and emaciated, in the small white bed, smiled faintly through the pain that ravaged her, as she beheld her caller.

"Hello, Mary!" Ethel greeted cheerily. "How do you feel, dear?"

"Oh," she whispered, "a—a little better . . . I think." Her eyes closed from the effort of speech, and Ethel, without further attempt at conversation, seated herself at the bedside and took the sick girl's hand. Thus they sat there for a space until Mary's head turned and her eyes wearily sought her rich friend's.

"How—is—baby?" she asked slowly.

Ethel smiled encouragingly.

HE'S doing splendidly, dear," she answered brightly, although she knew as she said it that such was not strictly the case. It was better, however, she felt, to cheer the young mother in every way possible, for Mary had troubles enough of her own without bearing additional ones. Mary nodded and turned her head toward the wall. In spite of the pain, she was thinking, it was evident to Ethel, and striving for expression of her thoughts. At last she turned again.

"Sometimes I feel," she whispered, "that this is the end."

"Oh, Mary!" Ethel protested quickly. "That's nonsense, dear."

But Mary shook her head in slow, vague doubt.

"No," she continued. "I feel that way sometimes, when—when the pain's the worst. And when I do, I think of baby."

She lapsed into silence again, and Ethel knew just what the speech and the thought that lay back of it was costing her. Again she strove, however, to buoy the stricken girl up, for she sensed that upon the courage of this spirit before her in its sickened envelope of clay lay largely its chances for recovery from the dread malady that plagued it.

"Now, don't think another thing about that, dear," she said cheerfully, "and just remember that if anything did happen, I should see that your baby was taken the best care of."

This seemed to be what was disturbing Mary the most, for upon Ethel's assurance of her infant's protection, a look of relief erased for an instant the mark of pain and she sighed with contentment.

"I'm so glad," she murmured wearily.

The arrival of the doctor interrupted further speech and Ethel rose to go. She wished, though, to have a word with the physician about Mary, and she waited until he had finished with his inspection of the girl patient that lay so helpless before them.

"Well, Doctor," Ethel asked, "is she coming along as she should?" They were in one of the long hospital corridors that led to the reception room and entrance-way beside which Ethel's car stood waiting.

The physician paused and a slight frown clouded his fine face. After a moment he spoke:

"It's rather hard to say, Mrs. Macfarland," he said slowly. "You know, a cure is the most uncertain thing in the world. We think we have it, and then suddenly we discover that we haven't. This girl, this Mary Finnegan, is the hardest type of case that we have to treat. She is by turns gentle and violent, so that she has to be watched constantly. Sometimes, when a paroxysm of violence is taking place, something snaps inside and the patient is gone. Again, they may do themselves violence. We never know and we can never predict with even reasonable certainty."

Ethel nodded.

"Well," she said sadly, "we'll hope for the best."

"Oh, yes, yes!" the physician assured her smilingly as he pressed her hand in farewell.

Alone in her limousine, Ethel reviewed the situation with alternate misgivings and hope. She would tell Alan about it, however, she concluded, for she felt she must discuss it with someone, and the advice of her husband had always proved so helpful to her in past emergencies.

She found him now, as usual, in the library, but her entrance had surprised him in the act of suddenly whipping down his coat sleeve and of placing beneath some papers a small object he held in his hand. She thought nothing of it, though, in the greater need to consider and discuss Mary's case in the hospital.

Macfarland turned toward his beautiful young wife with a slightly bewildered look that passed as he took in her sweet, unsuspecting countenance, into a vague smile of endearment.

"My girl," he said softly, coming to her and taking her in his arms.

"Alan, dear," Ethel began eagerly, "I want to talk with you about Mary, the girl who is now in the hospital from drug addiction."

FOR some reason Alan Macfarland shuddered. Perhaps somewhere in the dark chambers of his consciousness, a spectral shape was slowly taking form, the spectral figure of a monster that crunched with merciless ferocity all of the victims that fell in its path. It was a vision, a flash of horror, and then he was gazing again into the beautiful young face of his wife.

"How is she doing?" he asked calmly. He seated himself in his chair before his library table, while Ethel rested lightly on one of its arms.

"Fairly well," she told him, "but the Doctor says the sudden periods of violence that she suffers may carry her off. Oh, Alan, darling, I'm so

(*Continued on page 29*)

WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

Barbara La Marr Adopts Another Baby

Barbara La Marr really seems to have missed her calling. Or, rather should we put it—when we were speculating a few weeks ago on what the stars could do if they weren't stars, we might have figured out that Barbara La Marr could matron an orphan asylum! She just can't resist a pair of baby eyes and a baby smile, ever since she lost her own little son several years ago.

Anyway, she has adopted another baby—that makes two. She is in Rome, filming "The Eternal City," and incidentally, on her honeymoon with her new husband, Jack Daugherty. She cabled her manager recently that she had adopted a little Italian waif, a girl of five, named Rosa Siccardi.

And when the star returns to this country some time this month, a very happy little Italian youngster will come with her.

◈ ◈ ◈

The William Desmonds to Play in England

William Desmond and Mrs. William, otherwise known as Mary McIvor, are going to England to play a brief engagement in the London music halls. They will appear in a sketch together.

The Desmonds have a charming home in Beverly Hills, in California, and a charming baby, Mary Johanna. And you can bet the baby goes to England with them! For never, never would they go away and leave Mary Johanna behind!

◈ ◈ ◈

But He's All Right Now

Art Acord has been recovering from too much chivalry. That's a funny thing to have to recover from, but the fact remains it took Art some time to get over it.

It seems that two young screen actresses were trying vainly to eject a man from their Hollywood bungalow when Art came to their rescue. The man in question had been getting much too lively at a party the girls were giving, so Art sprang to the aid of beauty and attempted to put him out. He was badly beaten up in the process; however, his ear, which was nearly severed in the fracas, will be just as good as new when the doctors get through with it.

But the next time Art gets an S. O. S. from a distressed damsel, his chivalrous instinct will have a struggle with his common sense.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Jane Trips—The Light Fantastic

Jane Novak is doing something entirely new in her screen career. She is dancing, the first time she has ever done any professional work of this kind. In her new picture, "Lullaby," she has a difficult Hungarian folk dance to do, and she has been very busy practicing, under a teacher.

Judging by *Estelle Taylor's* apparel, they must have worn *"Follies"* costumes in the days of *"The Ten Commandments."*

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Watch Doug, Jr., Step Around

Everybody in Hollywood is watching with great interest the career of little Doug Fairbanks, Jr., who promises to do the same India rubber stunts his father does. In fact, his father was always proud of Doug, Jr.'s ability as a stuntster, even when the boy was almost a baby.

On one occasion Doug, Sr., remarked with parental pride that he didn't know whether the family furniture would be kept intact or not. One stunt the boy did was to leap from the stair landing to the chandelier in the front hall, holding on and dropping into his father's arms.

How much interest the elder Doug will now take in his son's career is a matter of conjecture, but those who know him think it will be very great.

◈ ◈ ◈

"Doggone It," Said Viola

It simply rained dogs on Viola Dana there for awhile, and all because her family was so sympathetic.

She had been grieving so over the loss of her chow, Pom-Pom, that on her birthday her father bought her a Boston bull dog. An hour later, her sister, Edna Flugrath, and Harold Shaw, her sister's husband and Vi's director, brought their gift—a beautiful Pekinese. Vi was delighted! Then in came sister Shirley Mason with a large German police dog.

And then—Pom-Pom was found in the dog pound—so something had to be done. The police dog trotted home after Shirley, and the Boston bull walked back to the store. Now there's plenty of room for Pom-Pom as well as for Sing-Sing, the Pekinese. And Vi won't have a kennel wished on her the way a garage was recently!

◈ ◈ ◈

The Scramble of the Joes

The whole Buster Keaton studio was disrupted the other day. Clyde Cook started it.

"Oh, Joe," he called, "here's the money I owe you!"

Immediately all hands stopped work.

Buster Keaton, who was christened Joseph, glanced up with interest. Joe Keaton, Buster's father, stepped out to collect the money. Baby Joseph, said his usual "goo." Joe Mitchell, gag man; Joe Roberts, the villain; Joe O'Brien and Joe Swan, props; and Joe Exley, auditor all answered the call of the "fiver." And finally in walked Producer Joseph Schenck.

Death and Jazz

The seventh instalment of "*Perkins' Predicament*," the story of a man who sought death with the aid of a press agent

By Lee Brown

***The story so far*:**

Disillusioned with life O. P. Perkins decides to end it all in the black waters of the East River. He is poised upon one of the girders that span Brooklyn Bridge, prepared to leap out into the darkness, when a voice hails him. A man is asking to borrow a match. Perkins pauses in his design and is at length induced by the stranger to postpone his suicide until the latter can arrange to have it done before a motion picture camera. Perkins is at last persuaded to accompany the stranger to the movie studio for which he is press agent. There, after he had commenced work, he suddenly came face to face with Norma Angel, the company's twenty-four carat vampire. He learned also that she was a vampire in real life, and he was warned against her. The reappearance of Marjorie, Perkins' old sweetheart, throws another wrench into the crank-pit of his destiny, and Perkins decides to take the press agent up on his new explanation scheme. Letters deluge Perkins as a result. His suicide, however, is scheduled for the following night. Before taking the fatal step, he again postpones preparation in order to write a will which will take care of those he knows. Perkins agreed to die under the name of Cornelius Abbott, a forger, who would henceforth be known as Joseph Park. Meanwhile, the movie producer is so impressed with Perkins' screen work that he decides to engage him as an actor. In the meantime he meets a girl anarchist, who tells him he can easily die by driving a wagon of explosives which will be blown up by a time clock.

THAT will leave me free to make arrangements with the police for a grand coup," the girl went on, not noticing Perkins. "Then, when you drive the car down to Wall Street"—Perkins involuntarily gulped again—"I'll have the police there ready to arrest you before anything happens. And even if it should go off before the police actually seize you, you will be dying in a noble cause."

For a while Perkins was silent. It occurred to him that the young woman might possibly be a real anarchist herself, and tricking him into driving the bomb car without even intending to have the police interfere, and he decided to test her sincerity.

"Not on account of any difference it might make to me personally, or anything like that," he apologied, "but just because I don't believe in bomb explosions as a business policy—you don't care, I suppose, if I take the precaution of arranging to have a few policemen of my own on the scene to arrest me before anything happens?"

"Not at all," she answered unhesitatingly, "provided you let me have the chief credit for making the capture. It means so much to me professionally, you see, and I don't suppose it would mean anything at all to you."

She smiled disarmingly, and Perkins felt somewhat, but far from entirely, relieved. The thought came to him that even though the young lady's intentions might be of the best and even though adequate precautions might be taken to avert a catastrophe once he arrived at his destination, there still remained the rather large item of the trip to Wall Street. He did not yet know the proposed starting point, and it might be in the middle of the worst cobblestone zone in town.

But he had agreed to undertake anything honest that no one except a person about to commit suicide would dare undertake, and this was the third and last of the adventures he had promised to fulfill. Together the three were his "ordeal by fire"—the whole matter was out of his hands. He would toss a coin and abide by its decision! He reached into his pocket and—came across the little rubber ball. It received such a vigorous squeeze that its impudent little red tongue was almost dislocated. He had promised to call on Uncle Alex and Abbott this evening, but——

"Heads or tails?" Perkins queried, flipping the quarter into the air.

"Tails," the girl promptly replied.

Both leaned forward to see the result. After striking the floor the perverse bit of metal seemed unable to make up its mind, and spun and wabbled drunkenly. At length it came to a rest—tails up. Miss Yegodsky leaned back and breathed a deep sigh of contentment. Perkins contemplated the coin for a moment as it lay on the floor, and,

***Perkins* heard him say: "Make him hurry up. We'll give him the time of his life!"**

suddenly forgetting it, looked up at the girl.

"Say, when is your earthquake scheduled to take place?" he demanded.

"At ten-thirty tomorrow morning," she replied. "By tomorrow night we'll have the whole crowd rounded up."

"Yes but just now I've got to get to the phone or one of the crowd is likely to be missing," Perkins dryly commented. He promised to be back in twenty minutes.

There was still about half an hour before the meeting, but Perkins wasn't sure just where to telephone first. It wasn't likely Horace would be at the studio at this hour. Abbott or Uncle Alex might be in the latter's gloomy bachelor home, of course—that was worth trying; they could be depended upon to do anything he urged, he thought, without asking too many questions.

And to this extent, at least, his luck was with him: He found a public phone booth in a corner cigar store and Central gave him the right number the first time, though for a moment Perkins doubted that. When the receiver was lifted from the hook at the other end of the line, he distinctly heard what sounded like a ukulele making a jazzy attack on "Whose Baby Are You?" He was about to deliver a heated oration to the telephone girl when, to his surprise, the familiar voice of Uncle Alex came over the line and asked who was calling. A feminine voice called to Uncle Alex to "Make 'em hurry up, Uncle—and if that is Mr. Perkins, tell him the only reason I came to your party was because I thought he might come, too," after which a door was closed and the other sounds were shut out. But that second voice, indistinct and distant as it was, aroused disturbing memories of some voice Perkins had heard before. He couldn't place it at the moment, and wondered why the recollection of it seemed so depressing. Then he recalled it vividly. Its owner could be no other than the vampire, Norma Angel. The prodigal nephew, Perkins thought, must be having a full-grown coming out party.

"This is O. P. Perkins, Mr. Crabshaw, and I want to ask you to do an extraordinary favor for me without stopping to ask any questions," the young man said. An exclamation of surprise escaped from the old gentleman's tightly-compressed lips at the other end of the line.

WHY Perkins, my dear boy!" he chuckled after a moment. "How fortunate you've called up! I'll do anything in the world for you. Your friend, Mr. Horace Greeley Jackson, is right here in the room with me now—perhaps I'd better call him to the phone. We were terribly worried for fear something might have happened to you."

Perkins heard him say to Horace: "He's all right so far. You talk to him. Make him hurry up here right away and we'll give him the surprise of his young life!" Then Horace came to the phone. But Perkins could see the store clock outside his telephone booth and realized that there wasn't much time to hold unnecessary conversation about Uncle Alex's party or anything else.

"You'll do the listening, Horace, and I'll do the talking—haven't got but a minute," he instructed, and began hastily outlining the arrangements that Horace was to make for the morrow. Horace spluttered and fumed at the other end of the line and kept trying to get words in edgewise, but rather than depend on the press agent's memory alone, Perkins made him get pencil and paper and write down the name of the bank building designated for the catastrophe, and the hour at which Perkins was scheduled to be there.

"But wait a minute, Perkins," Horace finally managed to interpose. For God's sake don't go into anything as dangerous as this just now, man—you'll make me lose my job!"

"I've already made up my mind, Horace," Perkins broke in with a severe tone of finality. "You be there with a few cops and it won't be so dangerous—unless a tire explodes on the way."

"But come up here tonight, Perkins, and you'll change your mind—please let me talk to you before you do anything else rash. My boss——" Perkins looked at the clock. Time was up.

"Will you *be* there, Horace" he demanded. He was feeling panicky at this time killing; he had hoped to have time to make doubly sure by calling up Police Headquarters and giving an anonymous warning that a bomb outrage was planned for Wall Street at ten-thirty next morning, and now there would be no time for that.

"Yes, I'll be there all right," Horace promised, to get the subject out of the way, "so will Uncle Alex. I'll tell him your whole lunatic story and he'll have a regiment of cops there. But listen, Perkins——"

Perkins had hung up the receiver and gone.

Horace sagged weakly back in his chair and gazed at Uncle Alex and the beauteous Norma Angel.

"Guess we'd better turn the party into a funeral

(*Continued on page* 29)

Where Fan Meets Fan

What Improper Movies Have You Seen?

So much has been written about screen censorship that we should like to know what pictures the fans consider immoral and why. For the best letter on this subject that will not exceed 150 words, we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to FAN CONTEST DEPARTMENT, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

Of all places for a fan to meet a motion picture star would be a Dog Hospital, but it has been my experience at the hospital to meet many stars and the following is the most interesting and thrilling of my experiences.

The door bell rang; I answered it and on opening the door I was face to face with a rather tall man clad in a tweed suit, whose face was very familiar. It was Douglas Fairbanks. I gasped for a moment and finally uttered "Come in."

He told me he wished to see his dog, "Copet," who was sick. I was very thrilled as I led him to his dog. A real movie star following me!

After visiting with his dog for some time, he complained that he had a severe headache. I was immediately sent flying up to the medicine chest for an aspirin tablet.

I rushed up the stairs to the medicine chest, grabbed at the first bottle I saw and tore down the stairs. When I was half way down I discovered that I held a bottle of poison in my hand. I rushed up the stairs again, this time making sure to take the right medicine.

At last I stood before Douglas Fairbanks triumphantly with a glass of water in one hand and the tablets in the other.

He thanked me and after he had gone out, I breathed a sigh of relief that I had not poisoned Douglas Fairbanks, the greatest athletic actor of the day.

DOROTHY MACDOUGALL.

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But Louise's Hair Proved To Be Red

One night at a theatre, I was astounded to hear an usher announce Louise Fazenda in person. I cannot describe my feelings. The first thing that entered my mind was, did she have black hair or did she have blonde hair?

With my heart beating like a trip-hammer, I watched her make her appearance on the stage. She has a beautiful complexion and reddish hair She was dressed very becomingly.

She told us of the large brown dog who plays in her pictures and about the four-year-old boy whom he always rescues.

When I reached home I was proud to boast that I had seen Louise Fazenda in person.

REBECCA RAINE.

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No, This Is Not Press Agent Stuff

An actor, yes and a great one, a man who possesses a brilliant mind, an unusual personality and whose manners are unsurpassable—such is Lowell Sherman. It seems only yesterday that I went to see Lowell Sherman in his tremendously popular play, "Morphia.' Never before have I seen an actor so enwrapped in his art; an actor to go into the depths of the character he portrays. Lowell Sherman is the man. When he played in "Morphia" his whole body and soul was transferred to that of Julian Quade, an author of distinction, who was addicted to the use of drugs.

It seems impossible that such wonderful acting can exist. But when we see Mr. Sherman and know him, it is not impossible.

What Mr. Sherman is off the stage and among his intimate friends, an outsider does not know. But I will always remain an ardent admirer of Lowell Sherman.

HELEN RUTH SCHNICK.

When "Midget" Saw Stars

I have just recently returned from a visit to Los Angeles and Hollywood and I want to tell you what a revelation it all was to me. I have seen Hollywood in all its glory, and I have only the highest regard for these people of filmland, who work so diligently to entertain you and me. I had the pleasure of attending the "Movie Ball," the Wampas frolic, at Warner Brothers' studio, and they were all there, too.

After an absence of several years, *Billie Rhodes* again has her finger in the pie—we mean in the movies, as a *Grand-Asher* star.

I can't tell you how lovely they looked, big Bill Russell so modest, and Buster Keaton with nary a smile, and Constance, with all smiles. If Mary and Douglas were there, I am sure no one knew it, for they are so contented by themselves. It was some show. Baby Peggy was there, Freckles Barry, Charles Ray, Jack Pickford and Harold Lloyd. I had only one disappointment—I did not see my favorite, Big Bill Hart, who seems to be the idol of Los Angeles and all movieland.

I also attended the opening of Grauman's "Covered Wagon," which, in my estimation, is one of the best pictures I have ever seen. "MIDGET."

Her Appetite Failed Her!

I believe the biggest thrill I ever experienced was when I talked over the telephone to Leah Baird and heard her make an appointment with me for one o'clock luncheon at the McAlpin Hotel.

We had corresponded for a number of years, but it was not until I was visiting in New York that I had the opportunity of meeting her. She came to my room at the hotel and we had just the best kind of a visit—making me feel as if we were old, old friends. However, when it came time for the luncheon—like an excited child—my appetite completely failed me and were you to ask me what was on the menu that day, I would have to refer you to Miss Baird. Now wouldn't each one of you like to meet her?

N. M. B.

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She Treasures Leatrice Joy's Photograph

When the players in "Java Head" came to Salem, I had the pleasure of being invited up to Leatrice Joy's room in the Essex House. I'll tell you how it happened.

When the scenes were being taken at Derby Wharf, I took several snapshots of Leatrice, with her permission. When they were developed, I showed them to Mrs. Joy, Leatrice's mother. She said that if I wished she would take two and have Leatrice autograph them, and I could call for them the next day. Of course I was delighted. The next afternoon, I walked up to the Essex house and knocked at Leatrice's door. Leatrice herself opened the door, and invited me into the room. She gave me one of her own wonderful photos, which she autographed for me along with my two pictures.

I still treasure her photograph.

M. R.

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Detroit Fell for Irene Castle

My longed-for wish had come true. Irene Castle was booked to dance at the Capitol Theatre, Detroit, and I am not exaggerating when I say I went to see her four times. She was so wonderful, it is enough to say she brought the biggest box office receipts of any star ever in Detroit.

Her first dance was a waltz, sweet and dreamy. She dances as no other dancer, she floats and glides in clouds of misty stuffs wafting around her straight, slim figure. She was in a gorgeous rose chiffon dress with rose velvet panels and a brilliant head-dress of pearls.

The encore almost brought the house down. The second time she danced to a fox-trot tune that was both original and refreshing. This time she was in a lavender georgette creation with long, floating sleeves banded with grey fox. The russet-colored curls on the famous Castle-cut head were free from pins or bandeaus. The music was snappy and full of pep for this dance. At the very last she and her partner turned around and around the stage continually until anyone else would have been absolutely sea-sick and light-headed. But Irene came to a quick stop on one knee directly in front of the footlights.

The clapping and stamping she received was immense. With an adorable smile she came out from the wings with two cunning little balls of fluff, commonly known as "dogs." The lights went out and with them went Irene and all her fairy, graceful loveliness.

MOLLY

CHIT CHAT

About the Stars

Leatrice Joy has among her other attributes a rare sense of humor. Here is one she recently pulled in the Paramount West Coast studio, while working in "The Silent Partner."

"Well," she sighed, "if I could manage to get two minutes of rest during the day, I would take them right after I'm due to get up in the morning."

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Joe Pearson, one of the painters in the Robertson-Cole studios, says he believes in tit for tat.

The other day he was painting next to the set for "Fighting Blood," which contained, among other things, a cage full of lions. Pearson had laid down his brush for a moment when Tom, one of the big male lions, reached out and pawed at the brush, finally managing to get it inside the cage.

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it," said Pearson, looking around for his brush, "it's all right with me. You steal my brush and I'll steal yours."

And the painting went on as usual, with the lion's tail dipped in a can of white lead.

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John Bowers, playing the lead in "When a Man's a Man," has been working in the hot land of Arizona for the past six weeks, panting and puffing with the heat.

And then, just because life is so contrary, it was not until he was working in the chilliest sort of country that his work called for a ducking.

He returned to the Principal Pictures' studio in Hollywood for "exteriors," and discovered that the script called for his being thrown bodily into a tub of cold water, clothes and all.

"And to think," sighed John, "that after all that time working in the heat, I should have to wait till I get back to a regular climate before getting this cold bath. But I suppose Harold Bell Wright knew when he wanted his hero to take a bath."

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It would seem, judging by the actors in Rex Ingram's "Scaramouche," that men are not so crazy about changes of costume as women are. For it seems that no one was well dressed in those days without many changes of garb. Ramon Novarro wears eighteen different costumes and Lewis Stone wears eleven.

Stone, as the villain, and Novarro, as the hero, engage in a duel in the picture, which Novarro wins.

"He would have won, anyway," declared Stone, mopping his brow, "even if I had been the better swordsman. Along about the eleventh costume, I was ready to pass out and it weakened my attack."

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"Soup should be seen and not heard."

That is one of the maxims being compiled for Viola Dana's picture, "The Social Code." It would seem, judging by the rest of the maxims, that the picture is going to do a little kidding. For here are some more of its hints for etiquette:

"Young ladies whose fathers are bootleggers should not be twitted about the fact."

"No gentleman will wear a derby with full dress at the dinner table."

"Never hit your mother-in-law in the face with an avacado. Use carrots or turnips—they are much cheaper."

"While dancing, try, if possible, to step on only one of your lady's feet at the same time."

If all these maxims are adhered to in "The Social Code," there shouldn't be much wrong with that picture.

Along Hollywood Boulevard

Now that it is really all over between Charlie Chaplin and Pola Negri, so far as any engagement is concerned, there are those who claim to know who say that Pola's heart is not so light as she pretends. However much she may have smiled on William H. Tilden, II, tennis champion, that evening at the Ambassador in Los Angeles, when Charlie was all attention, at the next table, to Lenore Ulric, ripples of gossip reach us that poor Pola passed a rather bad night afterward.

It was a very real and very deep passion she had for Chaplin, however good a sport she may be showing herself to be at the end of the affair, and we do not think she will again so lightly and quickly undertake a serious love affair.

All she said to the reporters, however, was:

"We are good friends, Charlie and I, but he is too temperamental to marry."

Doubtless it really was she who gave the conge to Charlie, but it seems quite apparent that he gave her plenty of cause.

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Among those actresses who have quit the screen for stage or private life, but are now coming back, is Pauline Dwan, divorced wife of Allan Dwan. The director supplies his wife with a goodly alimony, so that she need do nothing the rest of her life, but she is anxious to do something in the world, and with her experience and talent she should be able to return with flying colors. She used to be known as Pauline Bush, you remember.

Speaking of Miss Bush recalls the fact that when she and Dwan were married, they persuaded Mary Pickford and Owen Moore, who had been married by a justice of the peace, to again be married by the priest who tied the knot for Mr. and Mrs. Dwan down at Capistrano, Cal.

◈ ◈ ◈

Blanche Mehaffy, Ziegfeld Follies girl, is the latest beauty to be signed up for films. Hal Roach has her.

Edmund Lowe, playing in *"In the Palace of the King,"* is reported engaged to *Lillyan Tashman*.

Mack Sennett trains right along with the guy who first uttered the gem of thought that circumstances alter cases.

"I was all tired out last week, and I went up to Arrowhead Springs to get a little rest. I had asked for a quiet room at the hotel, and retired early. Just as I was dropping off to sleep, into the next room came a whole crowd of young people. They were laughing and talking. They kept it up until I was about to complain to the manager. Then suddenly I realized that they were talking about Ben Turpin's picture, 'The Shriek of Araby.'

"Right there I turned on my side with a seraphic smile, and passed into dreamland. But can you imagine how I should have felt if they had been discussing, for instance, a Jack White comedy?"

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The May McAvoy fans are happy again. The young lady is coming back on the screen. She is to appear with Famous Players-Lasky again, this time as featured player opposite Glenn Hunter in "West of the Water Tower." She is going to New York to make the picture.

It is whispered by those in on the know that the reason Miss McAvoy and F. P. split was because Miss McAvoy refused to appear in a state of undress in a picture she was to have made for them.

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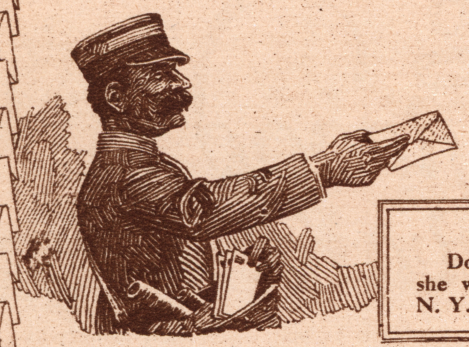
Everybody was awfully surprised when James Kirkwood and Lila Lee were wed, because both had strenuously denied that they were engaged. Kirkwood is forty and Miss Lee is eighteen.

"I always admired Mr. Kirkwood immensely," said Lila Lee. "You see, I always like men several years older than myself. They seem to have so much more sense than these boys that tag you around."

Neither star had time for a honeymoon, as both were busy on pictures. Later, however, they intend to take a trip either to Honolulu or Europe.



She's Sorry Lloyd Hughes Is Married

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

BETTY FOREINGER—No, I'm not likely to get scared at your questions, as you suggest. If I let a few questions scare me, I'd be white-haired from fright. Can you write to some movie actors? Well, you should know better than I whether you can write. I'm quite sure all the stars can read. Norma Talmadge is twenty-seven and Constance is twenty-two. Write them both at 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. Pearl White hasn't made any pictures since "Plunder," about six months ago. She is thirty-four. Lillian and Dorothy Gish can both be reached at Inspiration Pictures, Inc., 565 5th Ave., New York. Lillian is twenty-seven and Dorothy twenty-five.

JUST EASTBOURNE—Bourne East, I suppose, on fly paper. Charlie Chaplin is English. The other actors you ask about are all Americans.

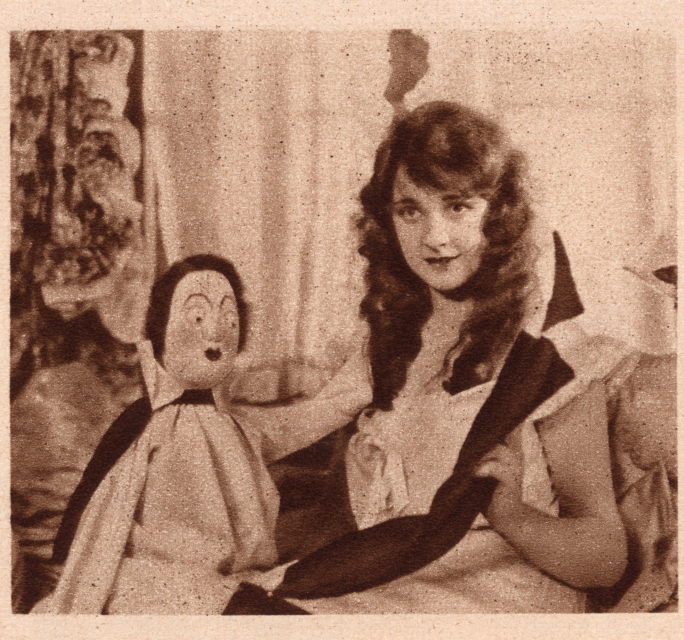
SUNNY SIDE—Which side, your right or left? Some time when I've nothing else to do—that never happens—I might take a day off and answer your questions. Certainly I can't turn over this whole page to your answers. Mary Pickford will send you her picture for a quarter, which she gives to a charity home. Her address is Beverly Hills, Cal. Rudolph Valentino was born in Italy, in 1895. He has black hair. His picture was on almost every page of Movie Weekly for August 11th—in fact, he edited that issue. Marie Prevost's picture was published in Movie Weekly for June 16, 1923.

A. M. C. M.—So the name of your town is Coldwater, Mich. Well, I gather that someone threw cold water on the map of Michigan. Agnes Ayres was born in Chicago about twenty-four years ago. Mary Astor is about five feet three.

A GIRL FROM COUPON—So you're sorry Lloyd Hughes is married? Well, I don't think he's sorry. There was a stage play this past season called "Roger Bloomer," but I don't know of any picture with such a title. Pearl White's hair is blonde. She came home from the convent several months ago. Josie Sedgwick played Jackie Coogan's mother in "Daddy." Charlie Chaplin says that he is not Jewish.

BILLIE LA MARRS—So you think I am really a young man and wonder why the drawing represents me as having whiskers? Well, you see, it's this way: I saw what a hard time Rudolph had keeping the girls away when they saw how good-looking he is, so I play safe and wear a beard in all my pictures. You can get a picture of Richard Barthelmess free by addressing him in care of his company, Inspiration Pictures, Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., New York. Richard is twenty-eight; Ramon Novarro is twenty-four. Write him at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Tony Moreno is thirty-five; his address is Los Angeles Athletic Club. Thomas Meighan is forty; write him at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

POLLY—If you had given me your address, I might have sent you a box of crackers. Shirley Mason is twenty-two, is five feet



Here's *Eleanor Boardman* all dolled up by an *Arkansas* movie fan, who sent her this baby doll.

tall and a blonde. She is Mrs. Bernard Durning. Madge Kennedy is Mrs. Harold Bolster; Bebe Daniels isn't married. She is twenty-two. Bert Lytell is thirty-five and Marshall Neilan, thirty-two.

AN AMBITIOUS MOVIE FAN—If you're ambitious, you must be way ahead of the town you live in, judging by the pictures current there. Most of those you ask about are so old I have no casts for them. William Farnum is married to Olive White. No, Niles Welch and Robert Agnew are not related.

PEG-O-MY-HEART—I should suggest that you have a heart; I'm afraid the list you ask for is much too long to publish in Movie Weekly. In the first place, it would be rather an extensive undertaking to give you the names of all the pictures Corinne Griffith has played in—they probably count up into the hundreds. Her latest is "Six Days." Irene Castle is thirty. She seems to have retired more or less from the screen; at least, she hasn't made any pictures since "Slim Shoulders" last year. Phyllis Haver lives at 3924 Wisconsin St., Los Angeles.

CURLY—Well, as you see, I didn't throw your letter in the waste basket—the waste basket is full. Richard Barthelmess was born in New York in 1895; he has dark brown hair and eyes and is five feet seven. Yes, Mary Hay is his first wife. He makes his pictures in New York at various studios here. Elaine Hammerstein is twenty-five; she has light brown hair and grey eyes. No, she is not married. Lila Lee is eighteen. Bebe Daniels' latest picture is "The Exciters." Ramon Novarro is Mexican.

A LOVER OF MOVIE WEEKLY—You're a real true fan to look for your answer every week, instead of "next week." No, Estelle Taylor is not married. She doesn't give her age. She is an American.

MISS ADOLESCENCE—Certainly if you have as much determination as your letter indicates, you might be one of the few lucky ones who would succeed as an actress. But, of course, no one can decide a thing like that for you.

B. C.—So you think some of the cowboy stars are nearer heaven than we are. Speak for yourself, B. C.—not for me. Who knows that I might not go to heaven tomorrow? Of course I can't guarantee that my flight will be in that direction, though. Jack Hoxie is married to Marin Sais. He was born in Oklahoma and brought up on a cattle ranch. He won several championships for trick riding before he became an actor. He lives at 1325 N. Hobart Blvd., Hollywood. Ruth Roland was born in San Francisco in 1893 and went on the stage when she was three years old. She is divorced from L. C. Kent. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul in 1894. He is not married. Pearl White is from Missouri and is thirty-four. She is divorced from Wallace McCutcheon.

HENRIETTA A.—Where do all those rumors spring from that screen stars are dead? Some people certainly use their imaginations on gloomy subjects. Priscilla Dean is as lively as ever. Yes, Mahlon Hamilton is married. His address is Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island.

IRENE DAVIS—Sorry, but I have no idea what the addresses of the picture companies in Italy and Spain are. Edward Burns lives at 1835 Whitley Ave., Hollywood. He is twenty-nine. James Rennie makes a picture every now and then; he recently played opposite Dorothy Dalton in "Leah Kreschner." Harry Benham is thirty-seven. He lives at 209 W. 107th St., New York.

K. B. C.—By all means, write again. I shall die of a broken heart if you don't. Mae Murray's address is Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. She has sold her home in New York. Her latest picture is "The French Doll," to be followed by "Fashion Row."

W. S. H.—So you thank me "before and after?" Are the thanks any thinner afterward, like the advertisements? Lon Chaney was born in Colorado about forty years ago. He is married and lives at 1575 Edgemont Ave., Hollywood. Dustin and William Farnum are brothers; Dustin was born in New Hampshire in 1874, and William in Boston in 1876. He is married to Olive White. Franklyn Farnum was born in Boston, also. His wife's name is Edythe Walker.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

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Perkins' Predicament

(Continued from page 25)

wake," he observed. "That fellow has about as much chance of surviving his joy ride tomorrow morning as he has of marrying Mary, Queen of Scots. At that he may see *her* before we see *him* again. And there's no telling where to find him tonight.

He repeated the substance of Perkins' conversation.

"Can't you think of some better way to get him out of it?" the old gentleman inquired, adding with a wry smile: "you were the one who devised this party of mine to induce him to abandon his idea of committing suicide. Can't you think of a more ingenious idea—Mrs. Smith and our other two guests will be getting impatient in a minute or so."

In which Uncle Alex proved prophetic. Mrs. Smith, widow of Perkins' one-time employer, could at that moment be heard striding down the hall toward the library. Horace had made desperate efforts to keep her in the front rooms with Marjorie and their attorney, Alonzo Q. Jones, but the old lady grew restive.

The following—it can now be told, was the bright idea generated by Horace that had brought two stranger groups together here tonight. On telephoning Perkins' fiancee the evening before, he had had no inspiration at all except to get into touch with her and find out how much she knew about Perkins. Mrs. Smith, fortunately, was away at the time, and Marjorie stole out to meet Horace and young Abbott.

Marjorie, a little dubious, but willing to try anything that Horace recommended—he made a great hit with her from the first—promised to bring her mother to the party at Uncle Alex's. All had seemed to be going well. Alonzo Q. Jones, angling for a rich new client, had laughed uproariously at Mr. Crabshaw's ancient jokes all evening. And the domineering widow had actually grown kittenish. The psychological moment for Perkins to walk in and be forgiven had arrived—and passed.

Now, Horace realized, a far quicker plan was needed to save Perkins' life. His mind had gone blank when Mrs. Smith knocked at the door. And it remained blank. In this, his first real emergency, Horace was completely stumped.

"Oh, do come on, Uncle Alexander," the widow called with a flatteringly impatient tone that would have been cute if she hadn't tipped the scales at two hundred. "I don't suppose I ought to be dancing yet, but your nice nephew thought it would be all right if I just showed you a few of the latest steps."

Suddenly the fair vampire, who had been still as a mouse for the past five minutes, snapped her fingers and sprang up from her chair. Mrs. Smith gasped. So still had Miss Angel been that Mrs. Smith concluded she had materialized out of thin air.

"Come right on in, Mrs. Smith!" exclaimed Norma. "You'll be interested in this. Horace, here, runs out of ideas whenever there's any real need for 'em, so I've thought up one of my own."

UNCLE ALEX looked at the vampire in puzzled surprise, but there was no time for explanations.

"The phone call was for me," Norma lied smilingly, as Mrs. Smith edged her way doubtfully in. "It was from a newspaper friend of mine. Did you see the story in today's paper about a man who intended to do a lot of favors for people before committing suicide?"

Mrs. Smith said she hadn't seen the papers that day.

"Well, this fellow wrote a letter saying it was all on account of unrequited love for a moving picture heroine, and as I have a small financial interest in the company that employs this particular heroine——" Mrs. Smith did not yet know her as a vampire.

"Unrequited love!" sighed Mrs. Smith, coming in and taking the proffered seat. "Romantic, isn't it?"

Thirty minutes later Norma squeezed her right hand with her left in secret self-congratulation. What Horace would have modestly considered a masterpiece of an idea, if it had been his, had worked as though it were charmed. But in spite of the vampire's elation, there was a tiny tear in the corner of each of her eyes.

(*Continued next week*)

Human Wreckage

(*Continued from page 23*)

worried and so grieved by the horrid curse of this thing."

A vague spiritual shrug shook the shoulders of the brilliant young lawyer, but his body remained as motionless as before. He, too, was beginning to know the dread insistence of the poppy's call and how futile for human flesh it was to turn a deaf ear to its demand. It could not, simply could not be done.

"Well," he said slowly after a time, "we'll hope that she makes a quick recovery."

Hardly had Ethel, cheered as always by her husband's confidence, left him, than a servant appeared before the lawyer, apprising him that Steve Stone had called. Resisting again the first impulse to say he was not at home, Macfarland told the servant at length to bring his caller in. When Stone appeared, he waited for the latter to explain his visit. He was not long in doing so.

"They got me," he announced shortly, as he stood before the lawyer's chair.

"Got you?" Macfarland repeated. "*Who* got you?"

"A couple of Federal dicks," the dope peddler retorted savagely. "And that means that some body must have squealed. Well, I'm in for it now and I've got to have help to get out of it."

The lawyer ignored the latter part of Stone's speech, reverting to the fact that had caused the peddler's arrest.

"Did they find much stuff on you?" he inquired, seeking from his legal viewpoint the exact extent of the other's guilt.

Stone laughed shortly.

"Not *on* me," he replied ironically. "I'm not that foolish, I guess. But they found it in my home—in books and places where I usually keep it, and they arrested me on prima facie evidence. I'm out on bail now."

A silence fell between the two men, during which Stone stood regarding Macfarland with obvious suggestiveness. The bold, unhesitating confidence of this annoyed the lawyer and he turned sharply upon his guest.

"Well," he demanded, "why did you come to me?"

Stone answered with a deprecating smile. "Why do you think?" he replied at length. "'Cause I'm up against it and I need the best legal defense I can get. I've come to you to help me out."

Macfarland shook his head coldly.

"I'm sorry, Stone," he retorted, "but I can't do anything for you."

The dope peddler's face assumed a vicious aspect.

"What's the reason you can't?" he inquired harshly. "You're a lawyer, ain't you?"

MACFARLAND'S eyes narrowed.

"Yes, I'm a lawyer," he returned, "but I'm not making a business of defending men caught trafficking in drugs. Oh, no!" he repeated emphatically, as he turned to the papers before him.

The vicious aspect of Stone's face deepened and his lip trembled slightly in anger.

"Trafficking in drugs, hey?" he rasped. "Well—who for? Hey! Who for?"

He paused an instant while Macfarland turned toward him once more. "For you, that's *who!*" he said viciously, snapping the words out like oaths.

For an instant, the lawyer sat motionless, regarding Stone silently; then, he rose to his feet. With outstretched arm, he pointed toward the door. "Get out of this house!" Macfarland said sternly.

An expression of furious hate crossed the face of the dope peddler, marking it in a manner that was unpleasant to see. A terrific wave of repulsion swept over the lawyer upon beholding it. "What a jackal this fellow is!" was his thought.

"You won't, won't you?" Stone cried harshly. "Well, then, if you won't, I'll just tell the world that you're a drug fiend, and if I go down, Macfarland, I'll pull you down with me!"

Alan Macfarland was too keen a lawyer not to acknowledge instantly when he was beaten. He knew the dope peddler had the upper hand of him—knew that the latter's assertion that he was a drug addict would ruin him as inevitably as that the sun would rise on the morrow. So he reached a swift conclusion.

"All right, Stone," he answered after a long pause. "I'll defend you. Now get out. I've work to do."

With a faint smile of malicious satisfaction, the drug agent left, and Macfarland, torn between self-abasement and the terrible fear of exposure, sat sunken in his chair. He was roused from this presently by the abrupt opening of the door and his wife's voice crying in startled anguish, "Alan!"

He looked up dully, to find her framed in the doorway, her face stamped with grief and horror.

"Alan!" she repeated hoarsely. "That girl—Mary! She—she's killed herself!"

(*Continued next week*)

Who Said Acting Was Easy?

Continued from page 10)

by his own efforts, but must depend on the cooperation of someone else as well."

Quite a morsel to think over, you fans who are so sure you have the ability and the looks to come out of obscurity, if only you had the chance at a theatrical career!

And as for girls who look upon a star's life as a gay round of clothes and parties—they would find things different behind the scenes. Clothes, for instance, get to be part of one's work and soon lose their charm.

"I hate the business of buying clothes," said Miss Westcott emphatically, "for it really becomes a business. I think shopping is one of the most disagreeable things I have to do, but when I have to shop I just tell myself that it is part of my day's work and work is bound to have some unpleasant features."

"But don't you feel that there is a glamor about the stage that other professions don't have?" we suggested. "Doesn't it thrill you at all to have the admiration of those who see you act?"

"Not especially," Miss Westcott declared, "even that wears off."

Isn't life contrary, though! Here are all these thousands of young girls—and young men, too—who think life would be just perfectly wonderful if only they could become famous and have their names up in electrics and be stared at as celebrities, and all the frills in general that accompany the triumphant star's existence: here are all these ambitious youngsters, and here is Netta Westcott, typical of many theatrical people who have more or less "arrived." To Netta Westcott's way of thinking, the glamor all wears off, and only the hard work is left—the hard work, and the struggle for recognition.

And that struggle, according to Miss Westcott, is the hardest one there is!

Watch Your Manners

(*Continued from page 7*)

a little on your plate, even if you merely taste it. If you drop a fork or a spoon on the floor, or break a dish, apologize to the hostess, but very simply. Don't make a fuss about it.

The best rule which anyone can possibly have to govern his conduct is the golden rule. Be careful of the feelings of others! Don't say or do things to others that you would not want said or done to you. That is just what manners have been built up from; they are a social code designed for our comfort and convenience. And that, in itself, is reason enough for watching one's manners!

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What America Has Done to Pola Negri

(*Continued from page 3*)

same as that of the European. I had no difficulty in adjusting myself to the American screen methods.

"It would, of course, be a little extreme to say that the censorship is actually stifling motion picture art, since each year sees so many fine pictures produced. I do think, however, that the producers should fight against a too strict censorship. To my mind, when the censors' rules become irksome. they kill the fine impulse which creates something worth while. After all, a superior producer is his own best censor. He will not offend good taste. Censorship, carried to extremes, will seriously handicap all motion picture progress. Without progress, the picture industry, like every other form of activity, will retrogress, since it is impossible for anything to remain stationary."

In what direction, I asked Miss Negri, did she think that pictures would develop?

She turned that over in her mind for a moment.

"Toward better stories," she answered. "In that respect I think the motion picture is constantly improving, and it is a prime necessity that this should be so. The next step along the road toward perfection will be in the treatment of the story."

THEN I asked the star what she considered the greatest quality in American actors and actresses.

"Beyond any question," she said, "their nervous adaptability. They seem instantly able to adapt themselves to any method of living, as is evidenced in their location trips to uncomfortable and remote places. How quickly, too, they adapt themselves to any role offered them, to any director, to changing companies of players, to new ideas in production and points of view in stories."

"What is the greatest quality in American directors?" I asked her.

"This is a question which cannot be answered generally, except in one respect," she explained. "American directors do not know the meaning of the word 'impossible!'"

Are You the One in 5,000?

(*Continued from page 9*)

to a certain extent, in the make-up. The ideal screen face is oval.

"The business of photographing well is much more complicated than an outsider would imagine. Many girls think if they take a rather pretty picture, they ought to screen well. But the thing is—do they photograph well *from all angles?* It involves a lot of extra trouble and expense when players have to have special lighting to bring out their good points. This is true of several stars I know of. One of them has to have a light at her feet cast upward in order to make her look her best. And, of course, there are dozens of players who must have their heads turned just so in order to look well. A half profile, the chin tilted too much or too little—there are many angles that some stars have to avoid.

"The ideal screen beauty, of course, is one who photographs well, no matter how her face is turned in relation to the camera, who doesn't need any trick lighting to make her look like a million dollars.

"Another thing newcomers in pictures don't appreciate," he went on, "is the importance of experience. They think they are abused because we don't like to break in novices. But the fact is, inexperienced players actually cost us money. They have to be shown just how to play their scenes, and, of course, they don't catch on as quickly as someone who knows the game.

"It is only once in awhile that a newcomer proves so exactly the type we want that it is worth the trouble and expense of breaking her in. Peggy Shaw is one leading woman of whom this was true. I got her her first picture role. The director had a definite type of girl in mind for the part, but we just couldn't find her. Every possibility I interviewed would be all right in some respects, but there would be something about her that wouldn't do. And then Peggy Shaw came along. She had never played in a picture before, but I felt that, except for her lack of experience, she was ideal for the part.

AT FIRST the director said no, emphatically no. He couldn't stop to try out an inexperienced actress. But I persuaded him to see Miss Shaw, and he agreed with me that she was just the girl he wanted. Miss Shaw got the role, in spite of her lack of training.

"But cases like that are most unusual. It would break us to try to do that often. But I do try to be courteous and grant a hearing to every girl who tries for the movies, and I'm always glad to find an applicant with sufficient personality for screen work."

"How about brains?" we inquired, having heard the little whisper that lots of screen stars were morons—you know all the mean things they say about screen stars!

"Well, brains and personality go together," he came back at us. "No one can have much charm who is utterly lacking in brains. And the girls and boys for whom it is a waste of time to try to get into pictures are those with no education, who haven't made use of what brains they have. They come in countless hundreds to Hollywood from everywhere, with not the ghost of a chance of making good.

"One woman recently came from Scotland with her little boy; she had saved up every penny she could scrape together to raise money for passage. It's a pitiful case; there isn't a chance in the world for the boy to get anywhere on the screen."

Mr. Ryan knows what he is talking about when he speaks of screen possibilities. Wanda Hawley is a famous example of Mr. Ryan's ability to pick winners. He gave her her first job.

Incidentally, whoever picked Mr. Ryan must have known something about picking winners himself. For Mr. Ryan has risen from prop boy to chief casting director in the short space of seven years! In 1916, he started out with Fox as a prop boy; he soon was promoted to assistant director. Then his career was at a standstill for several years during the war when he served in the navy. After that, he returned to Fox as assistant director again, and later he was given the job of assistant casting director. And now, due to his capacity for knowing screen talent when he sees it, he has become the chief casting director for Fox's Hollywood studios.

And there, if you happen to be one of the thousands looking for screen work, perhaps you may meet Mr. Ryan. He may class you as only one of the four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine, for whom there is no hope.

It is really a lot to hope that you would be *the* one in five thousand—but then, there's no law against hoping!

No Woman Can Know Life Unless She Marries

(*Continued from page 19*)

Under the spell of its fine charm, all the things you have heard and thought about the wickedness of film actresses and the film world in general just cover their heads and sneak away ashamed. Here are culture, thoughtfulness, consideration, love, pure and happy family life.

You see, the Lamsons are an old and cultured family. So are Miss Valli's own people.

So "A Lady of Quality" is!

It is all quite impossible to acquire just in a day, that fine courtesy, breeding, gentleness, that mark the family life of these four.

When Hobart Henley was looking about for a girl to play the role of Clorinda in his picture, he declared he wanted a girl of really aristocratic background, of real breeding. He chose Miss Valli.

And Miss Valli set right to work to study up the period of the Frances Hodgson Burnett story—that of Queen Anne. She was a little bit shocked at some of the things she found out, to be sure; but she did evolve a character which promises to make her great in the film world.

Universal is to star Miss Valli during the coming year. They want just such intelligent, thoughtful, refined young women as she is in the pictures these days—young girls who, when cast in the roles of ladies, look like ladies—have a background.

AS WE watched the twinkling lights of the city, up there on that Hollywood hill, we spoke of the ambitions of these two young people.

"Does Demmy help you with your work?" I asked, "make suggestions, and all that?"

"Oh, yes, and I'm so glad to have him," explained Miss Valli, while her husband tweaked her ear.

"Are you always?" he asked mischievously.

"Oh, you're never really as harsh with me as I am with myself," smiled his wife. "But you are usually very sensible in your suggestions," she went on. After all, even if you do love your husband, there's no need in encouraging him to be too critical!

"But there is one way in which he helps me more than in any other. We always read my stories over together, and he tells me what he thinks of the character. In that way, I get the masculine point-of-view on the role, and I am sure I play it much better for having that point of view."

"That's nice of you, baby," said Demmy gratefully, while he tried to draw his wife's beautiful head down on his shoulder.

There was just one soft light in the pretty room, while the twinkling lights in the shadows down the hill encouraged romance.

"You mustn't!" said Virginia in her gentle way, and one felt a mid-Victorian blush was glowing on her cheek.

"Oh, yes," she went on, "I'm sure marriage was lucky for me—in more ways than one! I was a sort of bread-and-butter miss before, I guess. And it wasn't until after I met Demmy and married him that I began to grow as an actress."

Demmy patted her cheek, and I looked sternly away off over the valley.

Can An Actor Stay Good?

(*Continued from page* 12)

around the world and visit all the places I have read about, Athens and Rome, of course, and Stratford, and all the other cities connected with stories and writers. But that's a long while off. It doesn't help me now."

"Don't you know anyone here to play with?" we asked sympathetically. "Is the radio your only friend?"

He nodded. "The New York men are always too much in a hurry to pay attention to a stranger and the girls are too dumb to interest me. They are beautiful, you know, some of them perfectly exquisite, but they haven't any sense. I like a girl who has brains and can do something besides eat and smoke, but the clever and interesting girls aren't usually beautiful. That's too much to expect.

"Yes," he went on, looking pointedly at us, "I always did like homely girls best."

We were quite thrilled. "I am afraid, though," we told him, "if you want homely girls for your companions you will have to stay lonely, as few girls will admit they are plain."

"That's just what happens," he sighed. "Even with my little radio, I am terribly lonesome."

"Lonesome, but *good*," we reminded him gently.

"But where does that get me?" Gloom momentarily replaced the smile.

"Remember," we told him in our best missionary tones, "'Virtue is its own reward.'"

"'Own' and 'Only!'" laughed T. Roy.

How Ten Lucky Girls Became Movie Actresses

(*Continued from page* 5)

service and club work is a far cry indeed from the glamor of the screen. But Miss Allyn has only been waiting for her chance to take up the work she has dreamed and hoped about long before the end of school days.

Now, at the tender age of eighteen, her horizon of movie hope is flaming with the fires of a dawning chance. She is working in a studio with famous people. She is moving before the magic eye of a camera that will cast her pretty image upon the screens of hundreds of motion picture theatres in the United States. If the appeal of her eyes and face shines out to the audiences which will appraise her . . . if she displays a subtle gift for acting . . . Evelyn Allyn will find her dreams of movie fame coming true sooner, perhaps, than she expects!

There is one young lady numbered among the lucky ten who has been seeking a pathway to the films through the stage door. She is the only one of the group, however, who admits to any kind of theatrical experience. Her name is Rose Lee, and she put sparks into the Winter Garden show this summer by her graceful dancing. Miss Lee has made quite a name for herself as a feature dancer and now that she is to have a chance to register on the screen, this young damsel may achieve her original ambition of becoming a cinema actress.

I suppose many girls, upon reading of the good fortune of these young ladies, will say to themselves that another such opportunity for inexperienced girls to get a quick shot at movie success will not come along again in a blue moon. This is not the attitude to take. The logical reaction to this news should be that if it happened this way once, it is very possible of recurrence. Remember, Lily Christie, hundreds of miles away from New York last week, was hoping against what she thought were futile odds for her chance. This week she is being directed by John Emerson while Norma Talmadge and other famous film folks appraise her picture potentialities.

THE chance that dawned for Lily may dawn for you when you least expect it. The long road to fame, and the shortcut to glory, in the land of make-believe, cannot be charted like earth and water. Those who pass over it are never very certain of their footing, much less their direction. For they are moving towards dream goals in most cases . . . and such things are as elusive, although just as fascinating, as the fireflies that gild the summer nights.

The formula of opportunity is never quite the same in any phase of Life. But there is one bit of advice that can be given to those who are desirous of making their way in the silent drama. The advice is to be on the lookout for opportunities such as Norma Talmadge offered. When they come your way do not let them find you asleep. Be on the job as these girls were. Go after the chance no matter how many others reach out for it. Nothing is ever gained by procrastination.

What these girls will do with their chances remains to be seen. However, sink or swim, they will have had the satisfaction of finding out for themselves just what their actual chance of success as a movie actress amounts to.

The minuet dance in which they are to take part after rehearsals are completed, is not going to give any one of them great scope in which to reveal their histrionic ability. They will not become film stars, actresses, or extras by virtue of their dancing in this old-fashioned scene that harks back to the days of Catherine de Medici. Their chance lies in appealing to the judgment of those experts who will study their appearance in this one reel film of dancing, and in arousing an interest among the fans who may see this appendage to the new Talmadge vehicle.

In the event that any one of these girls makes good in this unusual chance offered by Miss Talmadge, Movie Weekly's many readers can rest assured that they will be the first to get all of the details on the rise of a new star.

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Why I am no longer an Extra Girl

How Ten Girls Became Actresses Overnight

Lena BASQUETTE

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